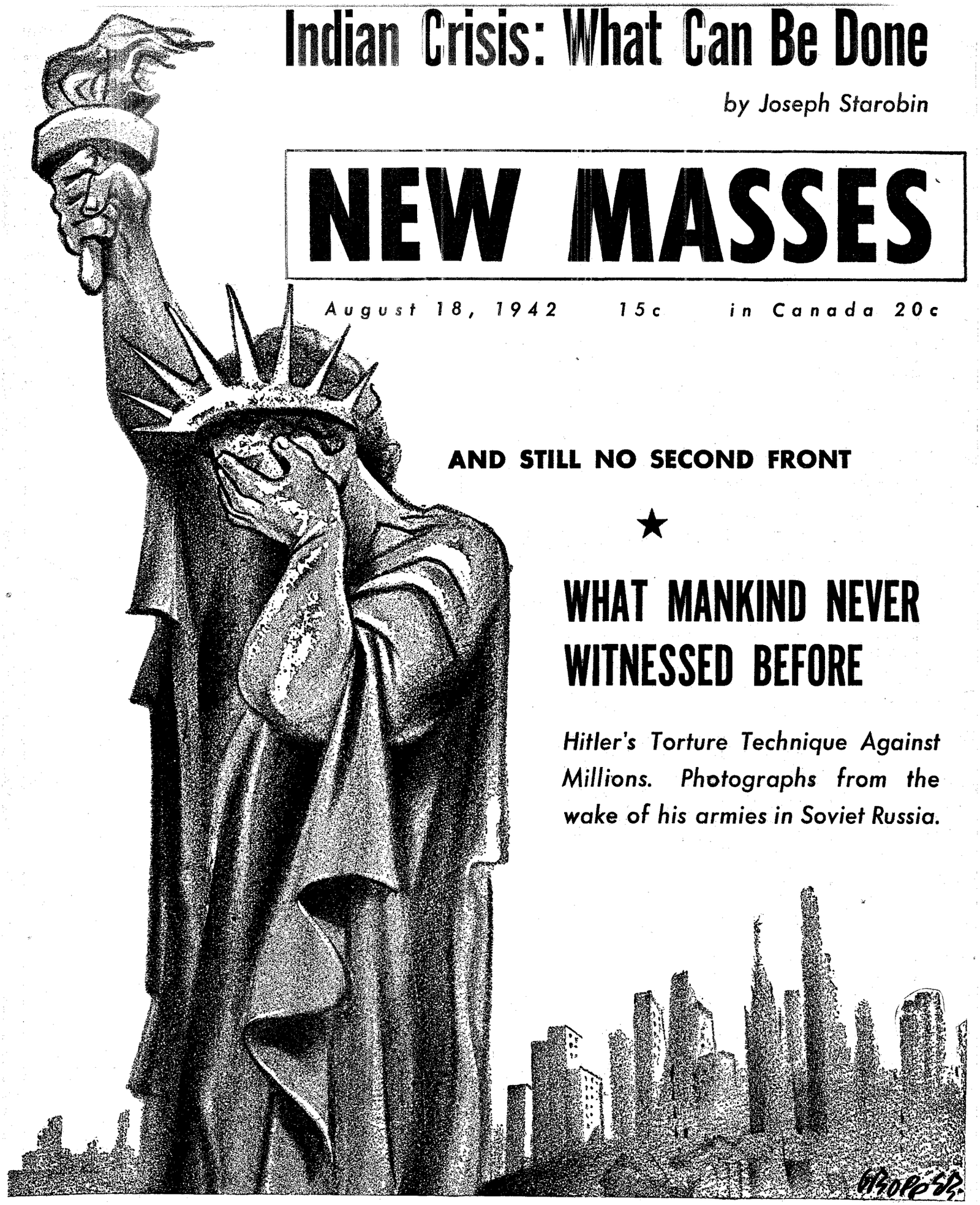
Indian Crisis: What Can Be Done

by Joseph Starobin

NEW MASSES

August 18, 1942 15c in Canada 20c



AND STILL NO SECOND FRONT

★

WHAT MANKIND NEVER WITNESSED BEFORE

Hitler's Torture Technique Against Millions. Photographs from the wake of his armies in Soviet Russia.

Also in this Issue: *The Men Against the Torpedoes, by Leo Huberman; If We Strike Now . . . by Arthur Upham Pope; The Miracle of Plastics, by Arthur Harrison; French Literary Lavals, by Samuel Putnam; Two Strikes on Jim Crow Baseball, by Ralph Warner.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN OURSELVES

LAST week the issue was scarcely on the newsstands before an excited friend of ours came tearing in to ask whether there wasn't *anybody* in this office who could speak French, or at least anybody who knew some rules of civilized grammar. He held up the cover, pointing to the "Ou est le second front?" strip of type superimposed on the global ball: "Second front," he explained, "is not French." Since one or two other people made the same complaint, we explain for the benefit of those who don't already know: there just isn't any French for Second Front, 1942. The Fighting French haven't tried to translate the phrase into their own tongue—they simply use the same words as their American and British allies have for it. Anyway, no matter how you say it, it's a universal phrase these days and probably the most popular, vigorously spoken of any two words in the vocabulary of the world. We are sorry that we haven't more space to print the sort of letters which appear in our Readers Forum this week. They are the voice of America and it gives us a real thrill to get them. The postmarks are exciting—often the letters are little more than notes, often they repeat each other in their arguments and demands; but they come from everywhere, and we humbly confess

that we are frequently ignorant of the existence of the far-off towns and rural places from which they are mailed.

Another campaign which many of our readers say they are happy to join in, is the one NM has been conducting against the big and little Nazi helpers who are still at large in this country. "I remember," writes one, "that when John L. Spivak wrote his series on 'Plotting America's Pogroms' for NEW MASSES way back in 1934 and 1935, some people tried to tell me that the people he exposed were 'really harmless—just crackpots—nobody would pay any attention to them.' But a lot of those same people turned out to be important enough for a Grand Jury investigation and indictment. Can't everyone see now that *all* of them, not only the 'crackpots' but their very well dressed, calculating allies have got to be put under some kind of surveillance? Protecting this country from enemies within—whether they're members of 'shirt' groups or a ritzy club—is too darned important to make distinctions between loudmouthed, open pro-fascists and those with nice table manners. Or between a Social Justice and its founder, between a Pelley and a Gerald L. K. Smith."

The item headed "Tactics of Diversion" in this week's "Press Parade" column (page 17) was sent us by Eve Merriam, who contributed a poem of her own to the same column in the issue of June 16. "Doin' the Cliveden Crawl" it was entitled and it drew the admiration of a number of satirical light versifiers. Miss Merriam now has the distinction of being the only contributor to this column outside of the NM staff. Yet we've learned that the column is read, that people think it's a good idea, and they enjoy it. Somehow, though, it doesn't seem to occur to them to send material for it. We'd like to change that situation. For one thing, we want to get as wide a press sampling as possible, geographically speaking. And we know, too, that there are items and items in the more out-of-the-way press that would make delightful reading in a column like this. How many times a month do you say, "I read the darnedest thing in the papers today. There was a story about . . ."? It doesn't have to be funny, though it's nice if it is. And it doesn't have to be sensational or "freakish." Just anything *you* would like to see in "Press Parade." We don't promise to use all of them, since we can run an average of only four or five items a week—but we would very much like to make a selection from the best there is to offer. If you don't feel like "writing it up," then just mail us the clipping, giving name and date of paper from which it is taken.

And if it pleases us to get good samples of our contemporaries' columns for reprinting in "Press Parade," it also pleases us to get reprinted in theirs—which sometimes happens. Most recent example was the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* reprint of Samuel Sillen's article, "The Life and Death of Eugene Petrov," from NM of July 21. That article, a tribute to the brilliant young author, correspondent, and lieutenant colonel of the Soviet Union, brought a warm response from readers. Many others were deeply moved by Petrov's last, unfinished dispatch from Sevastopol, which was also published in these pages. At this writing, readers of the American press are learning of the death of a Soviet Union citizen whose son is famous in this country: the mother of Mikhail Sholokhov, author of the *Don* epic. She was killed during a Nazi air raid on the writer's native Cossack village of Veshki.

Who's Who

LEO HUBERMAN was formerly labor editor of *PM*. He is the author of a number of books, including *The Labor Spy Racket* and *America Incorporated*. . . . Arthur Harrison is a chemist who has specialized in plastics for a number of years. . . . Samuel Putnam is a well known writer and literary critic. . . . Edmund Weil is an artist now working in a machine shop. . . . Lionel Ferris and Sally Alford have contributed reviews to NM before. . . . Ben Field is a well known short story writer.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XLIV, NUMBER 7

August 18, 1942

A Second Front Will Stop This—Keep It From Happening Here 3
While the Second Front Waits 4
To Defend Our Children 7
Hitler's Timetable *by Colonel T.* 8
What Shall We Do About India's Crisis? *by Joseph Starobin* 10
The Men against the Torpedoes *by Leo Huberman* . . 11
Two Strikes on Jim Crow *by Ralph Warner* 13
From Toothbrushes to Airplanes *by Arthur Harrison* . . 15
Press Parade 17
Lady Astor Is at It Again *by Claude Cockburn* 18
Editorial Comment 19
Readers Forum 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Blackout of the "City of Light" *by Samuel Putnam* . . 22
Portrait of the USSR *by Edmund Weil* 24
Obsolete Science *by Lionel Ferris* 25
Rich Land, Poor Land *by Ben Field* 26
Merry Was a Lady *by Sally Alford* 28
Brief Review 28

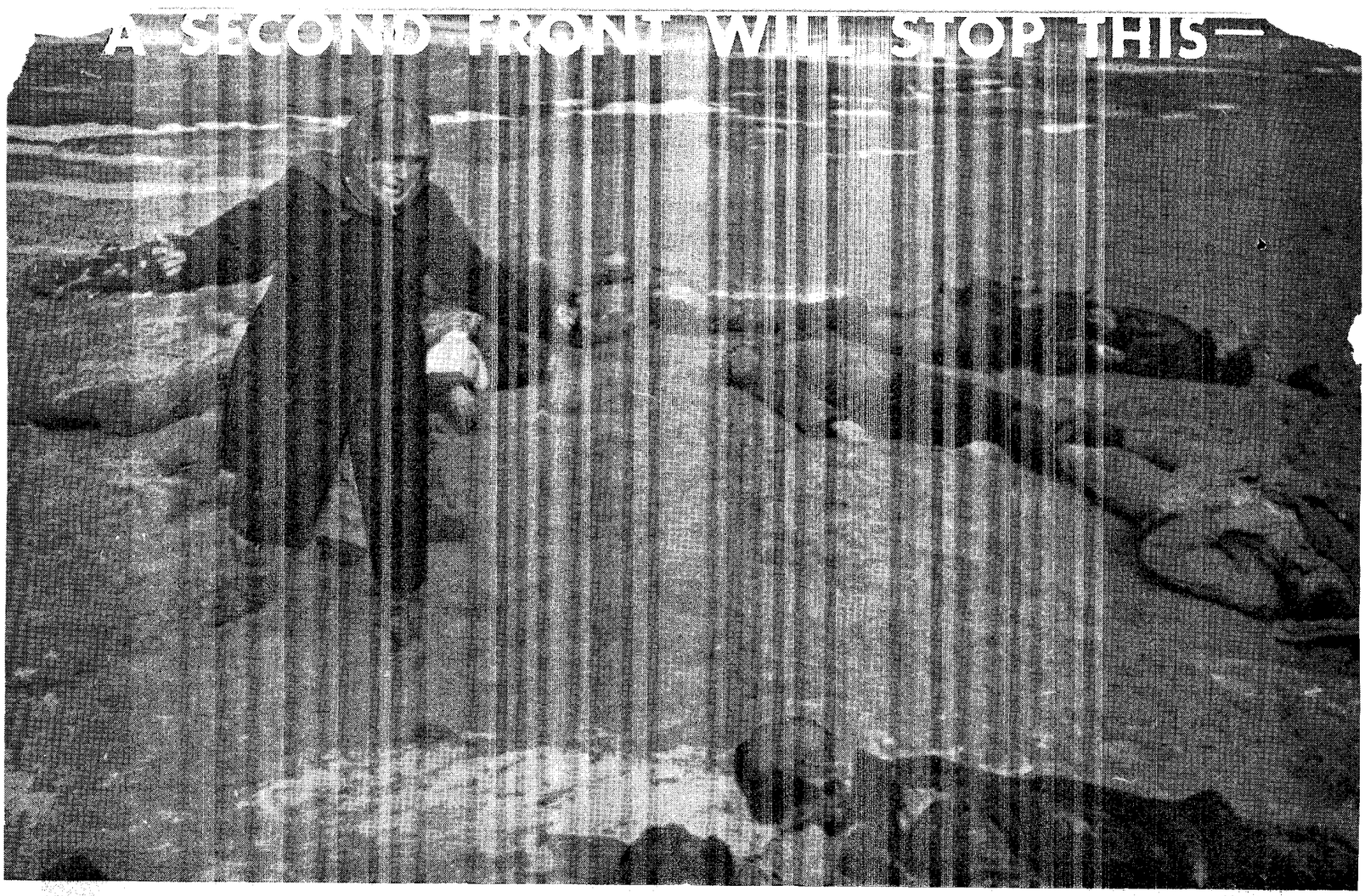
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

This Is Your Ally *by Alvah Bessie* 29

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 461 Fourth Ave., New York City. Copyright 1942, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 945 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $5.00 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.75; three months $1.50; Foreign $6.00 a year; six months $3.25; three months $1.75. In Canada, $5.50 a year, $3.00 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



KEEP IT FROM HAPPENING HERE!

THIS is the work of the enemy. We have long known that fascism was war. We have long known that war means death. But in this war against the fascist powers, death has come to man, woman, and to child in ways that defy the power of decent human beings to describe it.

We were warned of this. Do you remember *The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror*, written in the Nazi Reich and smuggled out many years ago? It showed us the handwriting on the wall. It revealed the face of the enemy, the mentality of the fascist. For fascism is synonymous with the attack upon the human mind, the human body.

The pictures on the pages that follow come from the government of our ally, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. They carry the imprimatur of that government's solemn word, just as the *Molotov Paper on Nazi Atrocities* carried that imprimatur. These pictures show us what has happened to the people of our ally; what is happening wherever the troops of the Axis set foot; what is happening *today*, as you read these words, to Russians in Russia, to Frenchmen in France, to Americans in the hands of the Japanese, to Chinese in the hands of Japanese—remember that.

We have seen some of these pictures; but we have not seen enough of them. The Soviet government has not hesitated to show these pictures to its own people; it is our obligation to show these pictures to our people. Cynicism about atrocities—documented, authenticated attacks upon defenseless human beings—plays directly into the hands of our enemy.

The *Molotov Paper* and the pictures that document that paper have been shown to every governing body of the United Nations. The words say: "On December 10 the Germans herded about 2,000 residents of the town [Istra, in the Moscow Region], together with their children, into a church in the village of Darno, where many of them died of cold and hunger."

The words say: "Cases are not infrequent of Hitlerites using Soviet children as targets for shooting practice." The words say: "In the town of Tikhvin, in the Leningrad Region, the body of Army Surgeon, 1st Rank, Ryazantsev was found in a house. His nose had been cut off, his arms dislocated, his head scalped, and there were several bayonet wounds in his neck.

"In the village of Semenovka, in the Kalinin Region, the Germans raped twenty-five-year-old Tikhonova, wife of a Red Army man and mother of three children, who was in the last stage of pregnancy. They tied her hands with a piece of string. After raping her, the Germans cut her throat, stabbed both her breasts, and drilled them in a sadistic manner." These acts were calculated. They were conscious. They were *policy*.

This will continue. These things will go on until we have divided the forces of the Wehrmacht between the Eastern Soviet Front and the Western Anglo-American Front, and crushed them between us. If we do not do this soon; if our Soviet ally is cut off from us, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that we will read underground leaflets that will say: "In Bridgeport, Conn., Nazi soldiers hanged 312 civilians who they claimed were 'morally responsible' for the shooting of a German corporal on guard before the Bridgeport Brass Co."

Turn the page, and look long and hard at the record of Nazi bestiality.

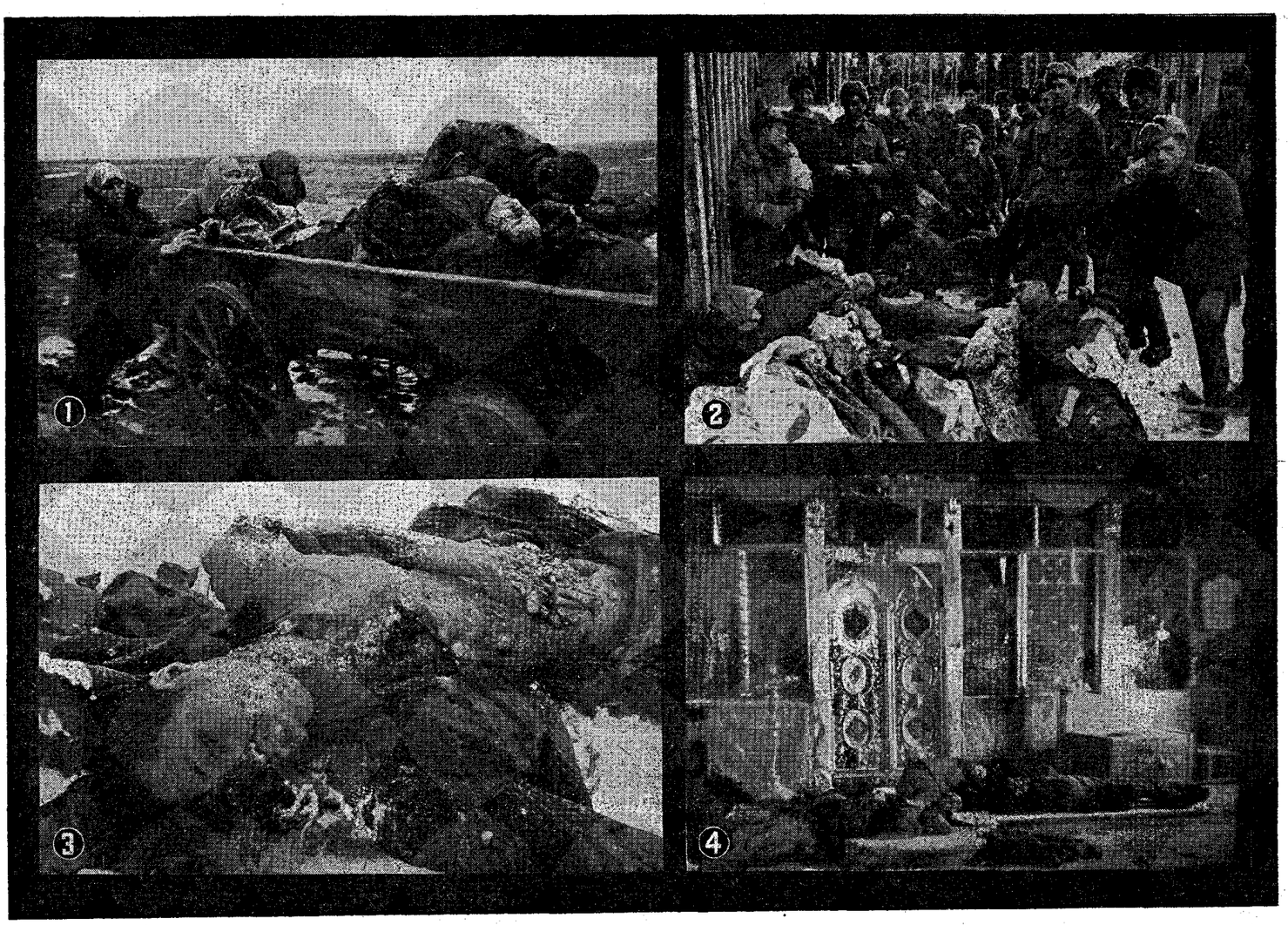
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHILE THE SECOND FRONT WAITS

This is happening every day from Archangel to the Caucasus . . . from the Don to the English Channel. Defenseless civilians are being tortured and murdered on a scale never before recorded in history.

YOU will not find it easy to look at these pictures, but *you must*. You must print upon your mind and heart these images created in cold blood by the enemy we are fighting. The pictures are numbered; follow them. (1) *These are the dead* of Kerch in the Crimean Peninsula. The women pushing the wagon are related to the bodies the wagon carries. They were civilians, shot by the occupying forces. They must be buried; and they suffer no more. (2) *These men suffered too*. They were Red Army men who fought the Finnish White Guards in 1940. The photograph was taken from a Finn who had himself been killed in the present war. The men in the photograph, who are dead, had been prisoners before they were murdered by the Finnish "democrats." The living men—note the nonchalant fellow at the right, with his foot on the corpse. Note the second Finn from the left, contemplating the dead Red Army man who has been propped against the barn. Note the seated fellows dead center—the dead Red Army man and the Finnish soldier next to him. (3) *This man died for us*—but not in battle. What happened to him needs no words to embellish the fact. He was found in the town of Yukhnov, with many of his comrade captives who had been similarly tortured. (4) *At the foot of the Cross*—in the cathedral of Vereya (Moscow Region) the Nazis murdered these Red prisoners. There were twenty-six of them.

Follow the numbers here. (5) *A railroad worker*. We do not know his name, but his job involved keeping the trains running to the front. Many, many years ago "civilized" nations outlawed the use of dum-dum bullets, not to mention the murder of unarmed civilians. The Nazis and the Japanese use dum-dums. That is what happened to this unknown hero's head. (6) *Family circle*. The dead man's name was Illarion Polyarush. He was sixty-eight years old and lived in Kerch. These are his wife and his two sons—the one on the left is the elder, named Ivan, who lived through the massacre in which his father gave his life. He had been wounded and buried by a heap of earth and the bodies of his fellow townsmen—and his



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father. (7) *Care of the wounded prisoner.* Notice the left foot of the corpse that lies across the other three. It had been bandaged. That was while this Red Army prisoner was still alive. After he was captured with his comrades he was thrown into an unheated stable, beaten, starved, and then shot. Some of these men survived to be rescued by their comrades. These you see did not. Death dressed their bleeding wounds. (8) *The young go first*—in Volokolamsk. These are young boys and girls of the Young Communist League of the town. In the film *Moscow Strikes Back* you will see them again, swinging in the wind this still camera has stopped. Do you hear the words of the Red Army commander addressing a meeting of townspeople in the liberated village? Can you guess what he is saying? Do you realize the meaning of this picture in terms of American life if we are invaded or conquered by our native Hitler-lovers? Are you a member of the Democratic Party, the Republican Party, the Communist Party; are you an anti-fascist, a trade unionist, an American patriot? This is what awaits you, if we should lose this war.

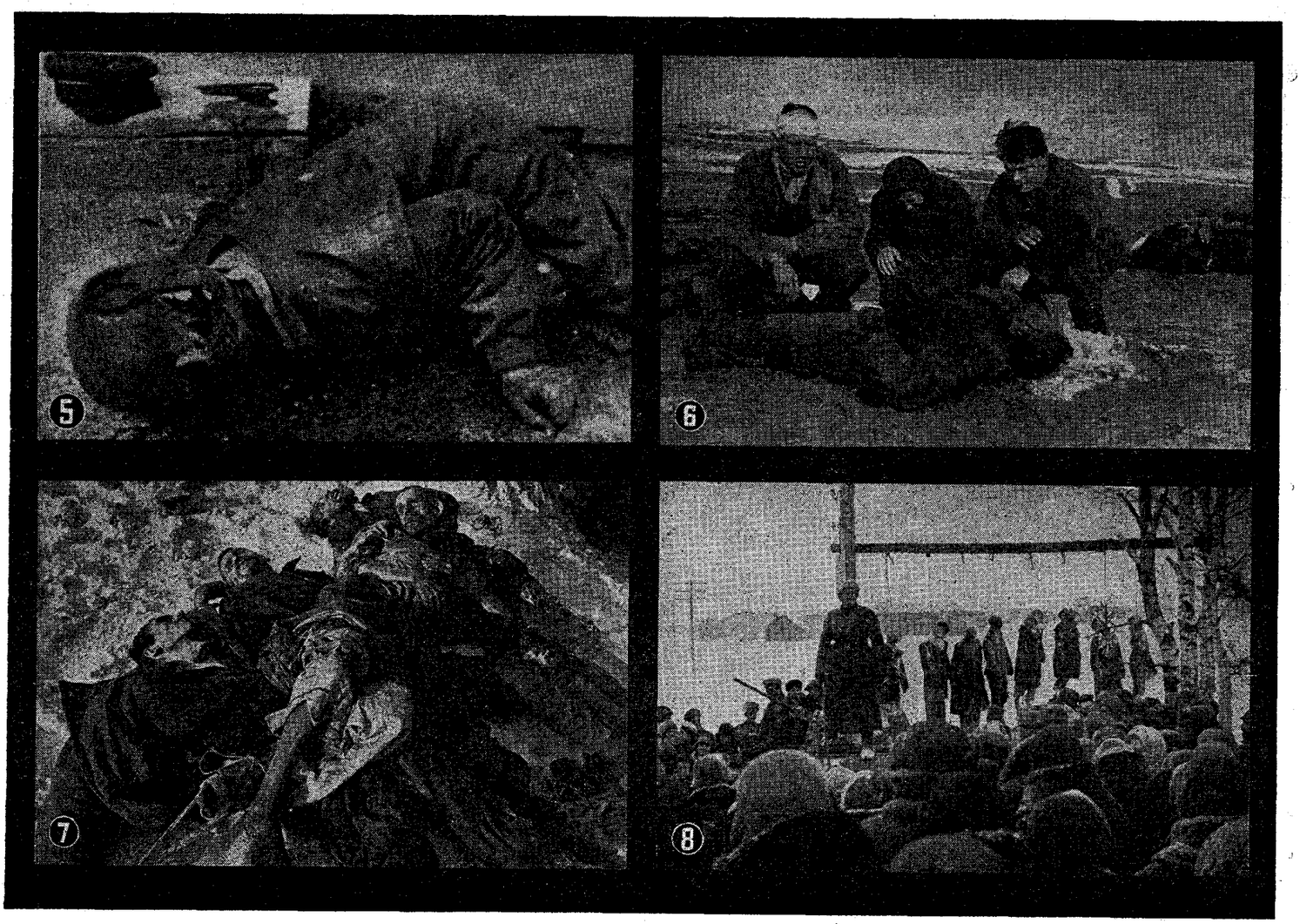
THE advocates of "Aryan supremacy" have made it plain. They will continue to exterminate all other peoples whom they call "inferior."

In Russia civilian prisoners were sent across Germany in sealed cattle cars opened twice a week "for hygienic reasons" and to feed the "cattle." Among 2,800 who arrived alive at one camp, the majority weighed from ninety to 100 pounds. "In each cattle car, holding fifty men, thirty arrived dead." In camp they died "at the rate of fifty a day." (These quotations are taken from the New York *Times* of August 7.)

In conquered Greece, according to AP correspondent Richard G. Massock, "Stinking, ragged columns of men, women, and children, who no longer wash now that there is no soap, pick over the garbage of the Germans and Italians. The poor lie in squalid homes, too weak to move, their swollen bodies covered with sores. . . . When one finds a sardine or other food can, he cleans the inside with his tongue as a cat would." By next spring it is estimated that 6,000,000 human beings, or ninety percent of the Greek population, will have died of slow starvation.

From Poland comes word that the Nazis have applied "scientific" finesse to their avowed policy of exterminating the Jews. Mobile, hermetically sealed gas chambers are used, with naked Jewish men, women, and children driven into them by whips, the gas then being turned on by the chauffeur. Live naked Jews are detailed to bury their dead and are machine-gunned in turn. Why are these people naked? The answer is simple; even their ragged clothing can be reclaimed by the scientific hangmen of Europe.

In occupied China and the Philippine archipelago the "honorary Aryans" of Hirohito use living Chinese for bayonet practice (we have published pictures revealing this horrible practice), and United States prisoners are getting a taste of the universal contempt of fascism for the human body and the human soul.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"CASES are not infrequent," said the *Molotov Paper,* "of Hitlerites using Soviet children as targets for shooting practice. In the village of Bely Rast, in the Krasnaya Polyana District, a group of drunken German soldiers put the twelve-year-old boy Volodya Tkachev on the porch of a house as a target and opened fire with automatic rifles."

Here are the helpless targets of the Nazi marksmen. Look at the pictures. Upper Left: *Not twelve years old* are these little victims. The picture was taken in March of this year. These kids did not snipe at the Nazi soldiers from their cradles. Goebbels cannot hold them "morally responsible" for the death of a Nazi killed by Soviet guerrillas. But they belonged to an "inferior people"—therefore they were fair game. They were children of Kerch, where 7,000 men, women, and children of the civilian population were massacred by the occupationists. The three children in the foreground were conceived and born and reared by the woman on whose body they are lying.

Upper Right: 130 gravely injured children in one hospital in Moscow. Thousands have been killed and mutilated by the occupying soldiers. Here are the Drykin brothers of Borovsk. The little one is Vova, four years old; his elder brother Borya (aged eight) has a fractured skull.

Impossible! you say. Surely the German people love children! It is true; the German people *do* love children, but this is what the Nazi soldiers did to Vova and Borya Drykin, to Sima Malkina and the unknown children in the other pictures.

But the Nazi beasts have not killed—or enslaved—all the Soviet people, or their children. The bottom photo shows you the kids for whom the Red Army is fighting so valiantly. These are Moscow tots that are being attended by high school girls who have volunteered for this work, replacing women who are in the factories, or fighting with the guerrillas. These are children of factory workers who are now fighting at the front. The fate of these kids depends upon the outcome at the battlefield. Will their fathers be able to hold back the armored monster that is Hitler's army? Their fathers are dying by the hundreds of thousands to save these kids—and yours. They are fighting not only for little Ivan Ivanovich but for the Johnny Joneses of America and all the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO DEFEND OUR CHILDREN

We have decided upon it, we are preparing for it, but when will we act with all our strength? The world looks to us.

THIS page is offered in contrast to the last. You could have selected your own pictures for it. For these are a few American children for whom we are fighting this war. Just as the parents of the children on the other page are fighting —those who live—just as the parents of Chinese and British children are fighting for their own.

These are the faces of some American men and women of tomorrow—the people-to-be who will inherit the world we have reclaimed from fascism. But these pictures, of course, do not tell the whole story about our American children. We picked these at random—children at play, as children should be at play the world over. Our American children are not doing quite as much playing these days. So perhaps we should have selected other pictures—to remind you that our children, too, are helping us to win the war.

IN NEW YORK CITY small boys collect tin foil and paper, scrap metal and glass bottles, and bring them to the local air raid warden's post. Little girls are learning to knit sweaters and anklets, helmets our aviators will use this winter. In Danbury, Conn., a boy of nine removes the new rubber grips from his bicycle and turns them in to the salvage campaign. When his father asks him why he gave away the new rubber grips, he says, "The government needs rubber, doesn't it?" This sort of thing is happening all over America today.

THE kids have confidence in us, in their elders. They believe we will whip Hitler. They cannot imagine—and we wish to spare them the thought—that they would meet a fate such as the Soviet children we have shown on the previous pages. But that is up to us. We CAN spare them that thought, and that reality, if we pitch in as the fathers of Ivan Ivanovich have. We can insure the fate of our children, insure a happy future, if we do what history, what the military and political realities of today demand—open up a Western Front now, and catch Hitler in the steel nutcracker that would mean his defeat. A second front now would stop forever the horrors the foregoing photographs depict.

The parents of America, of the entire free world, demand a second front to end fascism, to smash it forever! Now! Today!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

HITLER'S TIMETABLE

His Caucasus campaign gambles for high stakes. Military control of Eurasia and Africa. How a land invasion of Europe now would upset his master plan.

IT WILL be a miracle if by the time these lines are published the Germans have not yet occupied Krasnodar and Maikop. The Soviet lines will probably run from somewhere east of Novorossisk, in the northwestern extremity of the Caucasian Range, south of Maikop to Mineralnye Vody, and from there north, across the huge Kalmyk steppe to the fortified region of Stalingrad.

One must consider the possibility that the Red Army will not be able to hold a line in these steppes and will eventually be forced to retire toward the Caspian. Should this happen we must realize that an army cannot very well hold a line along a sea with its back to it. Therefore a split in the line would be indicated. The Soviet army group of the North Caucasus would then perforce retire across the Terek, covering the Grozny oil fields, and the lower Volga group to the Volga. Both groups would have their flanks (the left flank of the northern group and the right flank of the southern group) abutted in the Caspian, with a break of some 125 miles between them (from Astrakhan down to around Kizlyar). In other words, the Caucasian front would then have become detached from the rest, strategically isolated and based upon Transcaucasia and the Allied supply line running through Iran.

This Caucasian front would have little except oil because Allied supplies are admittedly coming in in very modest quantities.

The Germans would have reached the Volga south of Stalingrad and would stand in position seriously to interfere with, if not completely stop, all traffic along that great waterway (which, by the way, carries two-thirds of the Baku oil to the rest of the country).

A situation might then arise where the Soviet armies in the Caucasus would have little except oil while the rest of the Red Army would have much less oil than it had before, thus curtailing the activities of its mechanized troops and air force. Besides numerical inferiority in machines of war there would be a dearth of fuel.

Short of a second land front in the interim the best that can be expected of the Red Army is that it will continue to keep intact organizationally and will hold a front against the Germans. Such a front might run in early fall from Astrakhan up the Volga, past Stalingrad, up the Don to Voronezh, and from there along the line where it runs today.

Lack of oil and lack of Allied supplies from Iran, as well as the loss of an additional 100,000 square miles with important mines, industries, and farmlands, will have deprived the Red Armies of the Center and North of offensive possibilities—the best that can be expected of them will be a sort of semi-passive defense, never going beyond local counter-attacks.

THE Germans, on the other hand, would have acquired an imposing strip of farmland, and the Maikop oil fields, which produce a small percentage of Soviet oil and which will have been thoroughly sabotaged, but which in a few months could give some oil to the enemy. Thus the Germans would have deprived the USSR of a lot, but would themselves have gained but little. Therefore, they would have to drive on in a hurry. But where? Probably for the Grozny oil fields. Should such a drive prove successful, the Nazis will have pressed the Red Caucasian Armies back into the mountains and the front will roughly parallel the watershed of the Great Range; i.e. it will run from Tuapse on the Black Sea to Makhach-Kala or Derbent on the Caspian.

At this juncture the Germans will be faced with the mountains of the Caucasus and the alternative of forcing a passage through this formidable obstacle, or pausing in front of it and turning elsewhere.

To force a passage through the Caucasian Mountains one must take into account four directions: along the littoral of the Black Sea, along the littoral of the Caspian, and through the two roads cutting across the Range proper, i.e. the Ossetian Military Road and the Georgian Military Road. These two military roads are easily defended and could hardly be tackled by the Germans this fall. The probabilities are that they will try one of the coast roads.

The one running along the Black Sea is tempting because it would permit the Germans, in case of success, to deprive the Soviet Black Sea fleet of all bases whatsoever and force it to destroy its ships for lack of a port to go to. The other road, along the Caspian, is tempting because it leads to Baku. But the Germans know that they will not be able to use the Baku oil fields for many months to come, because there are no oil companies there to "sabotage the sabotaging" of the wells.

The historically famous Cossacks of the Soviet Union are not daunted by Hitler's "iron horses." They are riding hard on the Eastern Front today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They would find only a huge pyre and heaps of debris in Baku. Furthermore, Baku is still 500 miles away, and the road from Makhach-Kala on southward is no picnic for an advancing army.

Thus, of the three alternatives in attacking the Caucasian Range, none would lead to the immediate possession and *use* of oil. But the Germans do need oil. The drive to the Caucasus is primarily a device to *deprive* the Red Army of oil and of its southern outside line of supply. This leads to the supposition that the Nazis will change their direction of attack from the moment they reach the Caucasian Range and will make for other sources of oil—sources which might give them an immediate supply.

The eyes of the Germans will turn toward Mosul and Kirkuk.

It is quite possible that after reaching the Caucasian Mountains the Germans will regroup their forces and undertake a limited drive on the northern wing of the front in order to cut off the northern Soviet line of supplies from the outside. This, however, would have to be done in September or October and that is a dangerous time of the year for grand scale fighting on or around the sixtieth parallel.

In any case the likelihood is that the Germans do not entertain any hopes of knocking the USSR out of the war. They are getting ready for another winter there, but they are hoping for a quiet winter, without the benefit of a new Soviet counter-offensive such as drove them back last winter.

As soon as the line of the Caucasian Mountains, the Caspian, and the Volga has been reached (this might be possible in early September) the German strategic reserves (now amounting to probably some seventy-five divisions) and another 100 divisions or so from the Eastern Front would begin regrouping and moving elsewhere. Where that "elsewhere" will be is, naturally, hard to predict, but it would seem almost sure that Egypt, Greece and Turkey will be the *place d'armes* where the Germans will be concentrated. Hemmed in from all sides, Turkey would be forced to capitulate to the advances and threats of von Papen. The march on India could then begin, fed by the oil of Iraq and Iran.

The Red Armies of Transcaucasia would fight defensively between the Caucasian Range in the north and the tide of German divisions in the south. This island of resistance would probably be bypassed if not attacked directly from across the Arax, or from Kars and Ardahan.

Again, should that second front not materialize in time to divert the Germans they stand a good chance of storming their way to India.

Thus the entire Eurasian continent, from Petsamo to Gibraltar and to the Bering Straits faces the danger of being entirely ringed with Axis armed might. This ring might well take in Africa, where Allied resistance would not be difficult to liquidate in view of the existence of the North African Axis "bridgehead." Germans troops would appear in force (with an appropriate air fleet) at Dakar. Madagascar would be promptly reoccupied by Axis forces.

Outside the Western Hemisphere the Allied Nations would have only Britain and Australia left in their possession (*if* the Japanese do not make a determined bid for Australia), with the lines between these island *places d'armes* practically cut.

The attack against the Eurasian continent would then cost many times more than an attack against it now, in Europe, when practically all the Nazi might is still concentrated in the east.

It is folly to attempt to predict the exact sequence of events. An attack against Great Britain might even precede the march to the Middle East. But one thing is clear: the present summer campaign has for its objective the neutralization of the Red Army's strength (oil, supplies from abroad, and unity of its front). After that has been done to a maximum feasible degree, the German military might will turn in the other direction in order to prevent the United States from getting "quite ready." That "complete readiness" will never be worth the opportunities for offensive action lost in this month of August 1942.

It is *now* against twenty-five German divisions in western Europe or next spring against 200.

If We Strike Now . . .

Arthur Upham Pope

(Chairman, Committee for National Morale)

The immediate opening of a second front is the most urgent necessity of the moment. On it may depend the safety of the nation, the future of civilization for a century, the hopes and ideals of democracy, a humane and decent life for hundreds of millions. This is a people's war, and the people of many nations will pay the price in blood, suffering, and horror, if the organized barbarism of Germany should triumph. Hence the people as well as diplomats and generals have a right to be heard at this crucial moment in history—and to say what risks they are willing to take. The exact moment, the specific location, and character of the second front offensive are obviously matters for the responsible military technicians. But that such an offensive should take place now we, the ordinary people, have a right to say.

If an attempt to invade the continent should be defeated, we would be ruined, some officials say. Why? We are more likely to be ruined if we listen to such defeatist arguments. An invasion force of 500,000 men, backed up by our air superiority, certain superiorities in quality of material, and the help of friendly local populations, ought to be able to inflict at least equal casualties on the Germans—and might save an equal number of Russians. England and America would still have left armies of nearly 6,000,000 men, even if all the invasion force were lost, which isn't likely. There is more risk in waiting for the perfect moment which never comes.

In 1914 Grand Duke Nicholas and Rennenkampf, in response to frantic calls for help, made their invasion of East Prussia, for which they were not ready; and they sustained total losses of nearly 500,000 men. But they diverted several divisions from the Western Front, and the Marne was a victory by a narrow margin. When are we going to pay a little interest on that debt?

In one year of this war Russia has lost more in dead and wounded, more land, more cities, and more property, and has paid more in unspeakable suffering, than America has in all the wars she has ever fought put together. Every day she is in the fight saves us weeks; every German the Russians kill guarantees life to some American; every effort she makes brings nearer the day of victory and the possible dawn of a new world. If we falter, we put a cruel strain on the magnificent though sorely tried Russian morale. We have let them down too often, deriding their pleas for collective security, disparaging their idealism and their capacity. Now these have been proved by blood and sacrifice. It is our turn to prove our courage, our high resolve, our comradeship with those who have fought such a prodigious fight.

If we show the same superb will to fight, the same confidence in our man-to-man superiority over the Germans, *and if we fight now and fight hard on a second front,* if we consult our need, our duty, and our powers rather than our fears, a second front will succeed. If we falter too long, take stock in the legend of German invincibility, if we make no immediate all-out effort, we shall bring dismay to our gallant allies, dishearten the millions suffering under Nazi abominations, alienate the neutrals, and impair our own self-confidence. These are great issues that take precedence over tutelary detail—they are the concern of all the people. The majority of the people of the United Nations want to see the second front opened and opened now.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT INDIA'S CRISIS?

India is vital to our war effort. Washington and London must take the initiative to resolve the crisis. The peril of London's present policy. Gandhi's rule.

THAT the British government's effort to smash the All-India National Congress comes as a deep shock to Americans is to put it mildly. On the first anniversary of the Atlantic Charter, the crisis in India was a test of whether this charter was to be a truly universal document, enrolling our friends and potential allies of Asia in a common cause, or whether an effort was being made to win this war without in any way changing the status of half the human race that lives in Asia.

On top of the prolonged delay in the second front—which is likewise an issue of whether we are to go forward in a truly liberationist struggle—the arrest of thousands of Indian patriots throws the democratic world into confusion. From deadlock in India, we go to unprecedented chaos. It is terribly dangerous for China and the Soviet Union and all the United Nations. It means an extremely insidious accentuation of anti-British propaganda to the delight of our enemies. It complicates every aspect of an already immensely complicated situation.

There is only one yardstick by which to measure all nations, all classes, all forces in the present crisis. And that is whether any particular action helps to win the war. In India this was, and remains, the yardstick by which to measure the present events: will they help to mobilize India? will they help to develop her vast resources? or will they not?

By this yardstick the decision of the All-India National Congress to launch a civil disobedience drive was unquestionably unfortunate. Granted. Granted that by calling for strikes, the shutting down of all shops, processions in the public squares, Gandhi was playing into the hands of Japan. Granted also that Nehru has proved himself incapable thus far of breaking away from the spell of the Mahatma's leadership. Granted also that the Congress Party does not represent as much of India as it claims to. But the fact remains that the slogan: *"karnenges ya marenges"*—liberty or death—which is now echoing in front of India's police stations, expresses the deep desire of India's millions for partnership with the democratic countries against the common enemy. It expresses India's desire to help win this war as an equal rather than a servant.

THE British Cabinet had the responsibility of recognizing this. After all, have we forgotten that we were defeated in southeastern Asia—not only because of disunified strategy—but primarily because we did not rally the peoples of these countries to resistance as our equals? They were treated as property; no effort was made to cancel out a hundred years of their grievances. And so where they did not actually cooperate with Japan, they certainly did nothing to help us.

It was the responsibility of the British Cabinet to draw the conclusions from this humiliating experience and get India's participation in the war effort as an equal. The most elementary form of this participation was a provisional national government. This is what the British Cabinet refused to do. Sir Stafford Cripps made elaborate pledges for the future; but he left the immediate situation unchanged. Moreover, when he returned to London, he announced that things had improved in India, whereas exactly the opposite was true and the Indians resented Mr. Cripps' self-satisfaction. On July 3rd, the British government ostentatiously invited a few old-line stooges into the viceroy's War Cabinet, a clear indication that they were making no concessions whatsoever. Leopold Amery, Secretary of the State for Colonies, announced two weeks ago that the Congress would be suppressed by force—a clear indication of the bullheadedness that animates the British Cabinet.

All of which simply played into Gandhi's hands. Last April he had sharply criticized the presence of British and American troops in India. By May he was changing his tune: he favored "non-violent, non-cooperation" in case of a Japanese invasion. In June he was speaking in such demagogic terms that he even welcomed British and American troops, and praised the cause of the United Nations. In other words, he was steadily taking the wind out of the sails of the true progressives in India, firmly seating himself in the leadership of the Congress. And this he was permitted to do—*because the British government made no effort whatsoever to cooperate with those elements of the Congress that might have been able to prevent Gandhi's return to power.*

NOW it is all very well for British spokesmen to say that it would be suicide to turn India over to the Congress leadership. Agreed. Agreed that a provisional government with Gandhi at its head might have negotiated with Japan. But let us be under no illusion that by this show of force the British government is now really in a position to mobilize India. Will this policy work to win the war? That is the pragmatic yardstick by which to judge it. The answer is that it will not work.

On the contrary. Even if the civil disobedience movement is crushed without much more bloodshed, which is doubtful, the illusion of strength and unity in India is no more than an illusion. The people will sulk, despair, resist where they can; some will go over to the Japanese; they will be divided among themselves. Tear-gas and bamboo sticks leave indelible memories.

Force—yes, under many circumstances it is necessary. But force—with what perspective? based on what policy? *What has happened here is that the British policy of force and the Gandhi policy of civil disobedience are now equated to each other.* Both are useless and hopeless from the point of view of solving India's crisis. They equal each other, but they do not cancel each other out. On the contrary, they make things incredibly more difficult at a time when everything else in our struggle is fraught with such difficulties.

WE AMERICANS cannot adopt a high and mighty attitude, telling Indians what to do and what not to do, when a whole century of their fight for freedom is at stake. Neither can we say that India must take a back seat in the war whether she likes it or not, trusting to the war's outcome. On the contrary, if Mr. Amery can use tear gas and bayonets at this juncture, he is not to be trusted to deal any less stupidly with India when the war is over. Neither can we simply bemoan the crisis, berate the British Cabinet in the irresponsible fashion of the appeasers, and evade our responsibilities by the luxury of despair.

On the contrary, it is because India is vital to our war effort, just as we are vital to India's future that Americans and Englishmen alike must face up to their *own responsibility* for a constructive solution to this crisis before it goes completely beyond all control. Our responsibility is to challenge the wisdom of the course which Mr. Amery and Mr. Cripps have adopted, a course which does not leave India any stronger, but leaves it weaker, disunited, an easier prey for the vultures at the gates.

There must be an immediate cessation to the mass arrests. A free India, with the right to determine its own future must be pledged. As proof of this pledge a national government must be formed of all forces—not the old line bureaucrats—but the new and living forces that want to mobilize India for her own, and *our own* defense. Those forces are there: from the Moslem elements, the Untouchables, the trade union leaders, the students, the peasant union leaders, men like Nehru and Maulana Azad, realistic businessmen like Rajagopalachariar, liberals like Tej Sapru and the Indian Communists, newly legalized.

The initiative must come from London. The pressure for this initiative is long overdue from Washington.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MEN AGAINST THE TORPEDOES

Leo Huberman tells how the National Maritime Union delivers the goods and keeps 'em sailing. Courage, discipline, education versus Hitler's man-eating sharks.

THE number of men killed in the merchant marine is proportionately greater than in the armed services. The National Maritime Union alone has already lost over 1,500 seamen. Many died by drowning or exposure, but hundreds of others were burned to death when the tankers they were sailing exploded after being hit by a torpedo.

The survivors return to the union hall and ship out again. Some of the men waiting for ships today have been torpedoed two or three times. They have seen their shipmates caught in a seventy-five-foot wall of flame and burned to a crisp. Yet they go up to the dispatcher's cage as soon as their turn comes. Why do they do it?

There are three main reasons. Some ship again simply because seafaring is their trade. Others sail because they want to help their country. And others face danger and death on the high seas because Deliver the Goods—Keep 'Em Sailing is the program of their union.

THE National Maritime Union was organized in 1937. It was needed. The report of the United States Maritime Commission, of which Joseph P. Kennedy was chairman and Adm. Emory S. Land, present head of the War Shipping Administration, was a member, tells why. That report, transmitted to Congress on Nov. 10, 1937, described what happened to the American merchant marine after the last war: "Wages fell and working conditions grew steadily worse until, at the depth of the depression, some American seamen were receiving as little as twenty-five dollars a month, living under wretched conditions, eating unpalatable food, and working twelve hours or more a day."

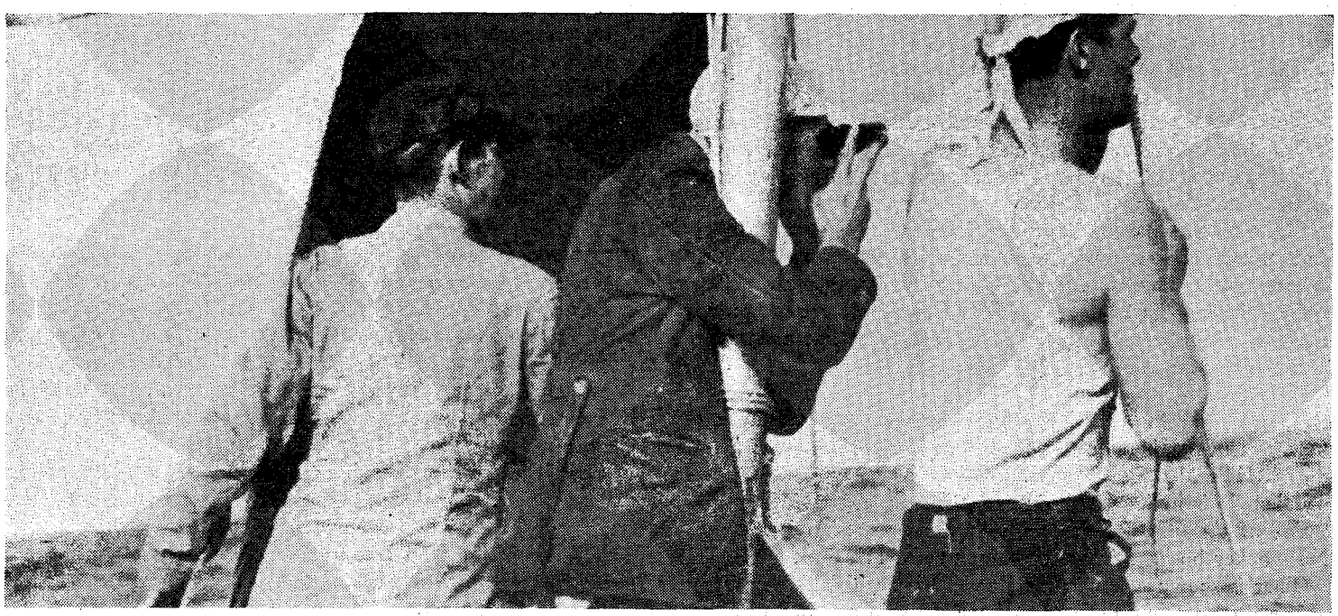
The union changed all that. Its first basic agreement signed in October 1938, for a three-year period, raised wages in every category higher than they ever had been in American merchant marine history. Working hours were reduced to eight per day with provision for overtime rates beyond that. Quarters and conditions were transformed from those beneath the dignity of animals to those fit for human beings. Shipping crimps and unsavory boarding houses as recruiting agencies for seamen were abolished. In their place, the union instituted a democratically operated hiring hall on a strict rotary basis that eliminated favoritism, "kickbacks," and the like. The latest basic union agreement signed Oct. 31, 1941, for another three-year period, raised wages ten dollars per month in every category and improved conditions still further.

The union, in peacetime, gained for its members decency, greater economic security, and dignity. These were direct benefits for the membership. And because 50,000 Americans could now walk with their heads high, the country benefited.

When war came to the United States on Dec. 7, 1941, the time and energy devoted to the protection of these old gains and the acquisition of new ones were put at the disposal of the United States. Commander-in-Chief Franklin D. Roosevelt was notified that the National Maritime Union would do its part in delivering war materials to the farflung battlefronts of the world. The union has kept its promise. It has met every demand for seamen to man the ships. Had there been no NMU, it would not have been easy—in fact, it probably would not have been possible—to gear the American merchant marine to efficient war service. Fortunately the organizational setup was available. It explains why men who could make much more money in shipyards or other war industries where the hazards are not great continue to sail the ships.

Several hundred, it is true, have left the industry. But the NMU, with the cooperation of other CIO unions, conducted a successful campaign to bring other men with sea experience back on the job. Posters were hung in mills, shipyards, and offices, urging men who had quit the sea years ago to return. Over 2,000 answered the call. That was many times more than the number who had left recently for higher wages elsewhere.

Through the medium of its weekly paper, *The Pilot,* the



American seamen, adrift for three days in a lifeboat after their ship was torpedoed, search the horizon for possible help. They are among the hundreds who return from near-death only to ship right out again. (The photograph was taken by a member of the crew.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

union educates its members to the necessity for continuing in the service. At membership meetings in every port they are told where their duty lies. This constant educational campaign has been eminently successful. The underlying assumption in the union halls today is that the only correct thing to do is to stay on the firing line no matter how great the danger.

SEAMEN pay off now with more wages than ever before. It is a great temptation for a man with several hundred dollars in his pocket, after a few unrelaxed months at sea, to stay ashore for a long time—certainly as long as his money holds out. The union fights that temptation. It conducts a Buy Bonds Campaign—to help win the war, and at the same time protect the brother by converting some of his otherwise quickly spent money into savings he can't touch for awhile.

But even more important as a method of keeping the men on the ships are the union's wartime shipping rules. In peacetime men were permitted to choose their ships and stay ashore as long as they liked. Today, in wartime, that is no longer true. The union's wartime rules provide that: after a fifteen-day trip a man has no time ashore; after a thirty-day trip a man has seven days ashore; after a sixty-day trip a man has fourteen days ashore; after a longer trip a man has twenty-one days ashore.

And even these rules contain a clause which states that in the event of a shortage of seamen on vessels ready to sail, those men on the beach who have not yet used up their allotted period of time ashore must either volunteer or be drafted to take out the ships.

IT IS a tribute to the educational and morale-building program of the NMU that the membership itself realized the necessity for these rules, formulated them, and then adopted them by vote at democratically run port meetings. Members of the NMU know what is at stake in this war and they are aware of the tremendously important part they must play in the overthrow of fascism.

The few who don't know these things are promptly disciplined. Let there be the slightest infraction of any rules and charges are preferred against the offender, a trial committee is set up, witnesses heard for and against, and punishment is swift. The minutes of the membership meeting at the Port of New York on May 14, 1942, tell the story:

"Trial Committee Report:

"——, charged by crew of *SS Falcon* with conduct unbecoming a union man. Trial Committee recommends that he pay a fine of thirty dollars, fifteen dollars of which is to go to medical aid and fifteen dollars for the tobacco fund.

"M/S/C to accept. [Moved, seconded, carried]"

The most frequent charge in these Trial Committee Reports is "conduct unbecoming a union man." The phrase includes a multitude of sins. Some of them are explained in another part of the same Committee Report:

"D. Gaston, charged by crew of the *SS Oneida* with conduct unbecoming a union man, activities detrimental to the interests of the union, continually being drunk, missing watches, and disobeying blackout rules. Trial Committee recommended that his book be taken away and that he be suspended for ninety-nine years.

"M/S/C to accept."

The punishment in D. Gaston's case was severe. It means that he will not be able to sail on any of the ships covered by the NMU's 110 agreements. So drastic a penalty is rarely demanded. It is inflicted only in cases like the above—where the action of the offender was truly dangerous to ship and crew. No monkey business in wartime for the NMU.

That is shown again in the Report of the Trial Committee of the Port of New Orleans to a membership meeting on May 26, 1942:

"In regards: C. C. Wolf, Messboy
F. M. Kleist, Utility
J. Ramirez, Messman

"All from the *SS Lipscomb Lykes*, all in the Stewards Department, and all on the same charges, performing and drunk, refusing to turn to. We, the Trial Committee, feel this is a test case, as the Stewards Department is very vital to the feeding and care of the crew's needs. These were all probationary members and should have tried to make a good impression as union men, so they would have been accepted permanently as members of the NMU. However, we feel that drunken messmen on ships of NMU is not a very good impression. Bearing in mind that when the Stewards Department stops, the ship stops, we recommend these brothers be suspended from the union."

THE NMU has done more than build morale, educate its membership to the necessity for efficient wartime service, and maintain rigid discipline. It has made winning the war the No. 1 objective of the union . . . every other issue, important as it may be, is subordinate to victory. Yes, the NMU says, guard the economic gains won through hard struggles on the picket lines—but bear in mind that all victories will be lost —irretrievably lost—if we don't win in the biggest fight of all —the war against the Axis.

To learn this lesson is not easy for some of the men who have struck, bled, and died to improve their conditions. It requires repeated emphasis—the kind that Pres. Joseph Curran gave recently at a membership meeting in the Port of New York. He had given a full report on his discussion with the heads of government agencies concerning union suggestions for the improvement of the merchant marine service. Throughout the latter part of his talk he was heckled by a brother in the front row, who kept repeating, "Get me pork chops!" The minutes of the meeting show how Curran handled the situation:

"That just about completes my report, except to say that the subject that he's been talking about (pointing to a brother in the first row) which he's been repeating here for the last ten minutes, is to me today no longer funny. All he can repeat is, 'Get me pork chops.' I have this to say to you, brother. There are a lot of people today who haven't any pork chops; a lot of people through the world are depending on us seamen to deliver the goods, to see that our part in this world war is played. We can't afford to think in terms of pork chops today because we may find ourselves sitting and eating our pork chops, and Herman Goering might come along and kick them right out of your hands. These are actual facts. There is only one thing today standing between Adolf Hitler and a clean sweep down through Europe and Asia, and that's Timoshenko's army on the Eastern Front. Even the newspapers admit that today. So let's make this pledge. We're going to try to keep the pork chops and the conditions, and the only way we can make sure that we keep them is to see that all the necessary war materials, all the guns and tanks, get to where they can knock Hitler's head off—this year."

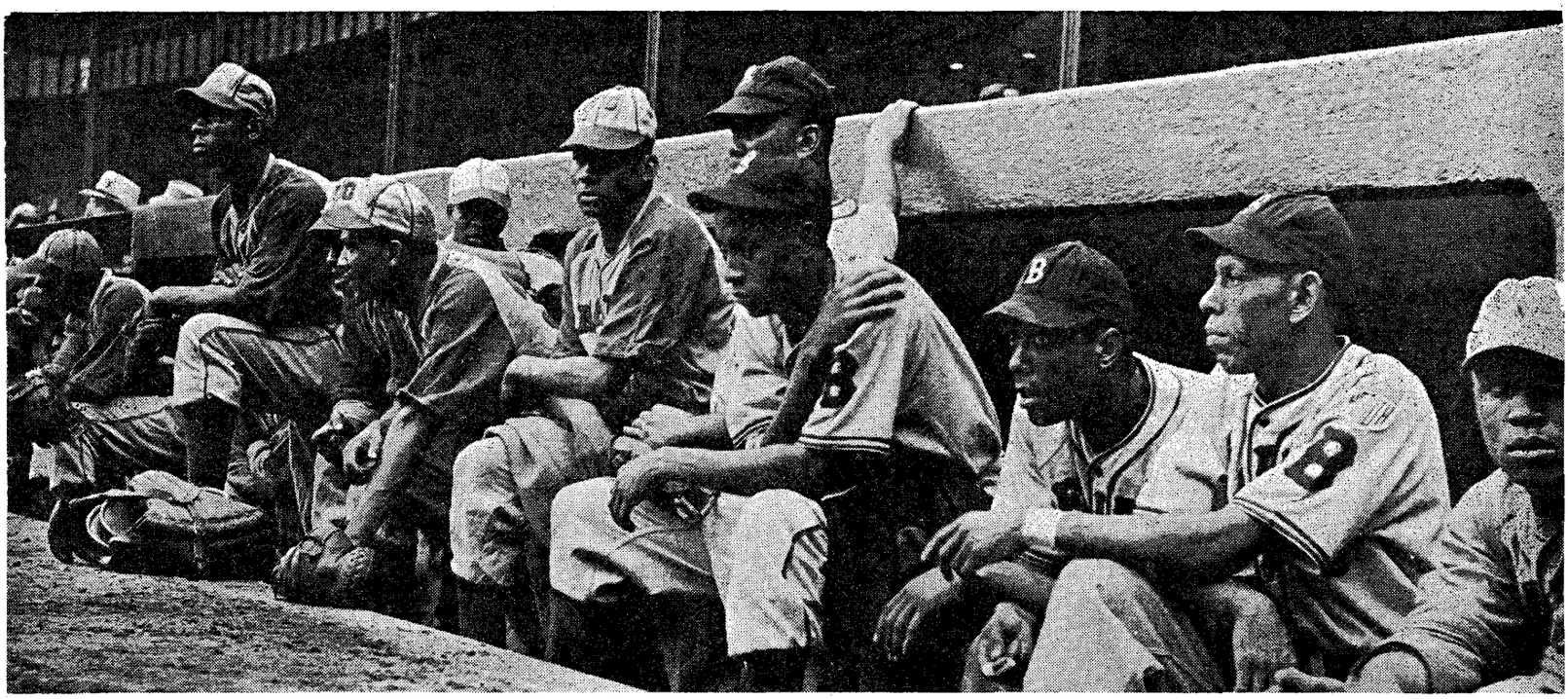
TODAY, at long last, the heroic work of the merchant seamen is beginning to get recognition. Officials in the government from President Roosevelt down have paid tribute to their bravery and patriotism. USO canteens, in the future, will admit them along with the men in the armed services. The American Theater Wing Committee is contemplating the establishment of a lounge for them, similar to its famous Stage Door Canteen.

That is all to the good. The seamen deserve all the honors that are in store for them. They are adding a new and glorious chapter to the history of our merchant marine.

And one of the chief reasons they are performing such meritorious service to their country, "above and beyond the call of duty," is—their union. The moral is plain.

LEO HUBERMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Members of the Kansas City Monarchs and the Baltimore Elite Giants, during a game at Yankee Stadium which drew an audience of 30,000. Negroes, like most other Americans, are ardent baseball fans. But they want their baseball all-American, with no more Jim Crow.

TWO STRIKES ON JIM CROW

The play by play account leading up to Commissioner Landis' decision concerning Negroes in the big leagues. How to get that third strike over.

THE Dodgers and Cubs were feuding. Kirby Higbe was hurling bean balls at Phil Cavaretta's head. Leo Durocher rasped blood-curdling epithets across Wrigley Field. A Cub rookie pitcher, knocked out of the box, picked up the ball and aimed it at Durocher, who sat in the dugout. It whizzed by Leo's head. A few minutes later a close play at the plate raised dust. Spikes flew. It was hurly-burly Dodger baseball exported to quiet Chicago. All in fun, of course.

The following July afternoon Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis leaned on the edge of a box. The Commissioner of Baseball was apparently on hand to see that mayhem and murder would not be committed. Earlier in the day Leo the Lip had informed reporters that he had been summoned to Landis' office in downtown Chicago. It turned out, however, that Landis had something else on his mind. After the game he gathered the newsmen around him and issued a statement. They were astonished when he explained that he had called Durocher to task for something Leo had told the *Daily Worker*. The paper had quoted Durocher to the effect that he would have engaged Negro ball players for his Dodgers if the higher-ups had permitted it. This, Judge Landis said, flagrantly misrepresented the facts: nothing, written or unwritten, could be found on or off the code books of baseball law which forbids owners to engage Negroes. The magnates, according to Landis, were free to do as they pleased.

Press associations teletyped the startling news to every part of the nation. But to the sports-writing fraternity it came as a shock. True, the *Daily Worker* had called for the abolition of Jim Crow in baseball. And several well known New York sports writers, Dan Parker of the *Daily Mirror,* Hy Turkin of the *Daily News,* Hugh Bradley, formerly of the *Evening Post,* had denounced the hypocritical and undemocratic tolerance of racial discrimination in the national pastime of a democratic nation at war. But the sports writers wanted to know, "What in heck has Landis got up his sleeve?"

The inside story of that famous statement is as follows: Three years ago a reporter for the Pittsburgh *Courier,* a Negro paper with a wide circulation, quizzed every National League manager as he brought his team to Forbes Field, home grounds of the Pirates. From Bill McKechnie, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, and Leo Durocher, he elicited declarations which said, in sum, that Negro ball players were qualified to play in the big leagues, BUT—

Before this, and after, the *Daily Worker* consistently attacked the unwritten Jim Crow regulation which apparently governs big league baseball. Sports editor Lester Rodney—now a private in the US Army—wrote vigorously on the subject. With America's entry into the war, Rodney's campaign was speeded up. It soon brought some real results. Organizations and individuals in all parts of the nation responded. Baseball is popular with all classes of Americans. If baseball engaged Negro stars for big league clubs, it would do something toward proving that the war was helping the Negroes in their long struggle for equal social and economic opportunity. It could contribute more than cold cash to victory.

Progressives everywhere understood the campaign's importance. Trade unions began to pass resolutions. Negro organizations openly expressed their desire to find jobs for Negro ball players. Maritime workers, automobile, aircraft, and tank workers, office and fur workers . . . hundreds of thousands, through their representatives, urged Landis to speak on the subject. Catholic Bishop Francis J. Sheil of Chicago added his voice. In Brooklyn Father R. J. Campion spoke against the injustice of discrimination in baseball, otherwise the most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democratic of sports. Judges, legislators, public-spirited citizens spoke. The anti-Jim Crow crusade was becoming a national movement. Judge Landis decided to get out from under the hot stream of these demands. Therefore he issued his statement, using Leo Durocher's remark of three years ago as his reason.

It was a victory, and an important one. But the war against Jim Crow in baseball is far from won. To understand the difficulties we should take a look at the baseball setup in this country.

The Black Sox scandal of 1919, in which the Chicago American League team sold out to gamblers, resulted in the adoption of the present form of baseball operation under the suzerainty of former Federal Judge Landis. Landis is a symbol of what is sometimes called baseball's "purity." He is, in fact, a policeman who watches over the business dealings of the major league owners, to see that they violate neither the law nor the commonly accepted rules of good sportsmanship. From time to time he acts as an impartial chairman in disputes between players and owners.

For baseball is a business, a big business. It is also a monopoly which avoids conflict with the law by settling all disputes out of court. Further, it is a business without any trade union control of employer-employe relations. And, since it allots franchises based on geographical boundaries, it conveniently adopts the names of cities as its private trade marks. With the cooperation of local businessmen and municipal officials, it has acquired an almost semi-official status.

As baseball grew out of its diapers, as control passed to big businessmen like P. K. Wrigley, Walter O. Briggs, Tom Yawkey, Jacob Ruppert—representing chewing gum, motor car bodies, lumber, and beer—it became a nationwide trust, with chain store appendages in all of the forty-eight states and Canada. Sam Breadon, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, gave birth to the chain store baby. Major league teams hold franchises in hundreds of small cities. The main source of their revenue is not always from box office income; it is derived from the "sale" of players developed on the training "farms." Add to this the fact that a majority of the "farms" are below the Mason-Dixon Line, and that at least fifty percent of the players come from the South—and you will understand better why no Negroes have thus far been employed on northern big league teams.

The Landis statement has created an uncomfortable situation for some of the magnates. However, they confess that Landis knows more about politics and diplomacy than they do. They realize, too, that they can't afford to offend great organizations of trade unionists. And some of these men are perfectly willing to engage Negroes. William E. Benswanger, president of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is outspoken in his anti-Jim Crow position and says that he will try out Negro players for his team. Alva J. Bradley, president of the Cleveland Indians, has made a similar statement (Mr. Bradley also spoke for collective bargaining among players two years ago, during the famous Indian uprising against Manager Ossie Vitt's dictatorial practices). Gerald Nugent, of the Phillies, a small businessman among millionaires, says he also will try out Negroes.

The impetuous Larry MacPhail insists that this is a democracy and he will sue for libel any publication which states that he or his Dodgers discriminate against Negroes. However, he believes that Negro players do not wish to become major leaguers and that the Negro people are not interested in the subject except when "aroused." The fact is that the Negro people do not have to be "aroused." They are fiercely resentful of the Jim Crow situation in baseball. As for not wishing to play in the major leagues—it is true that a few Negro players make good money in their own leagues, or are under pressure from the owners of Negro teams, and therefore prefer—like Satchel Paige, famous fast ball pitcher—to continue where they are now. But the majority of Negro ball players would choose the greater fame and higher pay of organized baseball.

However, the Negro leagues, which are also called "National" and "American," offer a technical barrier to the early engagement of Negroes by the major leagues. Mrs. Effie Manley, president of the Newark Eagles, is one of the few Negro magnates who does not fear the loss of her star players. "I believe the boys have the right to advance themselves," she says. "It will help, not harm, Negro teams if they act as a source of strength to the majors."

BUT the victory hasn't been won yet. A number of arguments in support of the status quo have been put forward—though they can all be countered with facts. Stanley Frank, columnist of the New York *Evening Post,* has revived the ancient canard that the entrance of Negroes into the big leagues will cause "trouble"—spikings, fist fights, even riots. John B. Kennedy made the same statement on the eve of Joe Louis' attainment of the heavyweight boxing championship, but the "trouble" never materialized. In fact, just the opposite occurred to what Kennedy had prophesied—the American people showed that all they want in sports is a fair chance for all to compete on even terms. Another person worried about possible "trouble" is Edward G. Barrow, the potent chief of the New York Yankees. Mr. Barrow refused to talk to a CIO committee which visited him on the subject of Jim Crow: "This is no time to cause trouble," he said. At seventy-four Barrow is a financial wizard of baseball as it used to be played in the dear dead days. As an extreme conservative, he is flatly opposed to night baseball, hit and error signs on his scoreboard, and Negroes in baseball—and all other innovations. Comment on the Landis ruling has also been refused by the St. Louis owners of the Cardinals and Browns, who permit the Jim-Crowing of Negro fans in the stands at Sportsman's Park.

However, time and the war are undermining the dyke. The war has taken many stars from baseball, famous players like Hank Greenberg, Bobby Feller, Cecil Travis, and others. Tommy Henrich and Ted Williams are among the many who will soon depart for military training. The quality of major league play is deteriorating. When February rolls around and the teams begin to gather for the exhibition season in the South and Far West, new recruits will be scarce. No one, not even the bitterest enemy of Negroes, will deny that such Negro players as Satchel Paige, Josh Gibson, Ray Brown, Roy Campanella, Sammy Hughes, and Willie Wells, are more than qualified to play up to the big league standard.

But the surest guarantee that baseball will do its democratic duty rests with the fans. They can prove to the men who rule baseball that it's not only a patriotic necessity but good business to sign Negro stars. And they can prove it soon. On September 1 the major league limit of twenty-five to a team will be lifted for the remainder of the season. September is always a month of experimentation. Because the Yankees and Dodgers have already won their pennants, all sixteen major league clubs will begin to introduce rookies into their line-ups at that time. There's the month. When you go to the ball game, you can do more than yell yourself blue in the face. You can let the boss know that you want him to make your favorite team an all-American, anti-Hitler outfit.

RALPH WARNER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM TOOTHBRUSHES TO AIRPLANES

You use a remarkable substance many times a day. What is it exactly and how was it discovered? Why the government rates plastics in Group One of critical materials essential to the war.

THEY were on their way to the movies. He flattened his hair with a few more strokes of the comb and buttoned his coat while his wife slipped on a pair of nylon stockings, adjusted a celanese skirt, and caught up a few stray strands of hair with a pearl-backed brush. The comb, the buttons, the stockings, the dress, the brush backing, very likely the bristles themselves, and the movie film are all composed of plastics.

From the composition toothbrush in the morning to the molded night lamp over our bed, plastics are encountered at every turn of our lives. It is no accident that plastics and mass production methods are products of the same age, since speed of conversion into finished articles of the most intricate shape is the foremost characteristic of all plastic substances. A single press can produce thousands of radio tube bases per day at a cost of a few cents each. This property accounts for the inclusion of all plastics in Group One of the government's list of critical materials, together with aluminum, magnesium, explosives, etc.

Speed of production of mechanical parts is one of the important factors which may determine the outcome of the war. Although many of the developments in the field of plastics have been of American origin, Germany was quick to realize their importance, and with the vast coal tar industry of the Ruhr basin as the source of most of the necessary raw materials, has developed an enormous plastics industry, thus releasing metals wherever they can be replaced by plastics.

What are plastics? I have already mentioned a number of familiar objects. Here are a few more: the transparent sheeted material sandwiched between two plates of glass thus composing safety glass; artificial teeth and dental plates; the transparent nose and turrets on many large transports and bombing planes; extruded electrical insulation; lenses for gas masks; radio cabinets; the shells of electric razors; electric switchboard panels; coffee percolator handles; cutlery handles; telephone transmitters; bottle screw-caps; the "glue" of resin-bonded plywood utilized for small boats, airplane propeller blades, and even so-called plastic airplanes; nylon and vinyon yarns and fabrics; noiseless gears; and there are hundreds of others.

Diversified indeed, and yet they are all plastics. Some are rigid and some are flexible. They are prepared by chemical processes from organic (non-mineral) chemicals and hence are synthetic. In addition they have all been formed into final shape by application of heat. That is to say, they have all been in a plastic condition while hot. Plastics, therefore, are synthetic organic solids which have been capable of being softened by heat and which possess considerable strength after the heat treatment. Some, like Bakelite, can be softened by heat only once and thereafter are infusible; they will not soften again. Others, like nylon, and most of the transparent plastics, can be repeatedly resoftened by heating. It should be noted at this point that the synthetic rubbers are plastics in accordance with this definition but are dealt with as a special group.

THERE are several other properties common to most plastics. One is their light weight; they have a density only half that of magnesium, the lightest of the structural metals. An early application of this property was the replacement of aluminum trays in most cafeterias by laminated plastic trays. The latter are less noisy and more resistant to tarnishing. The most valuable application of this property of light weight, combined with ease of fabrication, is in the production of a variety of airplane parts, where every pound of weight saved enables that much more of a load to be carried.

Another property possessed by many of the plastics is resistance to combustion, or at least only slow support of combustion. This is of value not only on planes, but also on ships. When one remembers the frightful example of the luxury liner *Morro Castle,* where the wood paneling of the cabins spread the flames from one end of the ship to the other, and the more recent example of the *Normandie,* the value of using plastic materials for the furnishings of ship interiors is obvious. Still another property of most plastics is their high electrical resistance; hence, much electrical equipment contains plastics for insulation. Finally, we might mention their acid resistance, permitting their use for chemical equipment, storage battery cases, etc.

THE first synthetic plastic of commercial importance was celluloid. As early as 1855 it was discovered that nitrocellulose (guncotton, to the manufacturer of explosives) could be mixed with camphor to produce a material as tough as horn but capable of softening when heated so that it could be molded into any desired shape in a heated press. Colored by the addition of dyes, celluloid toilet articles, cutlery handles, etc., soon displaced the old horn. Instead of the laborious fashioning of articles of horn, granules of celluloid were placed in a steel mold, the mold closed in a heated press, and the celluloid, becoming plastic, filled all the spaces of the mold, thus assuming the finished shape in a few minutes. When the mold was cooled, the article was removed, ready for use.

The greatest volume of celluloid, however, was consumed by the film industry, which employed it in sheet form as the backing for photo-sensitive coatings. Although the strong camphor odor was somewhat objectionable, the most undesirable feature was the extreme inflammability of celluloid. Seeking a safer plastic, chemists soon developed another modification of cellulose. They found that treatment of cotton with acetic anhydride (derived from the acid ingredient of vinegar) produced cellulose acetate, which when plasticized formed a fire-retarding plastic.

In the meantime other chemists were preparing new and odorless plasticizers to replace camphor. Following a disastrous fire in X-ray film at a hospital in Columbus, O., years ago, laws were passed forbidding X-ray film of nitrocellulose, and cellulose acetate became the standard plastic for this use. Most movie film today is prepared from the acetate of cotton instead of the nitro derivative. Much of the plastic trimming on the inside of autos, the door handles, lever knobs, etc., is made of cellulose acetate. Still a third type of cellulose derivative is now being marketed for plastic use, the cellulose ethers, such as methyl and ethyl cellulose. The methyl cellulose is used as stiffening in the semi-hard shirt collar, while the ethyl cellulose is the basis for extruded wire insulation.

Chronologically, the plastic which followed celluloid was the Bakelite type. In 1905-06 several chemists prepared resinous products by treating phenol (carbolic acid) with formaldehyde. In every case, however, their products were infusible and could not be plasticized. That is, they could not be softened, and would not mix with solvents. It remained for Baekeland, in 1911, to discover that controlling conditions would stop the phenol-formaldehyde condensation at an intermediate and fusible stage. At this stage he had a brittle resin which could be powdered and the powdered substance heated in a mold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the plates of a press. Within a minute the resin melted, filling the cavities of the mold, and then, while still hot, hardened to a horn-like rigidity of great strength. The finished article could be ejected from the hot mold without the necessity for cooling each time as was necessary with celluloid. In addition, the Bakelite type of resin required no plasticizer, no solvent, since it could be melted alone, unlike the various cellulose derivations.

In commercial molding practice the powdered fusible resin is mixed with an absorbent filler such as wood flour or asbestos, together with coloring matter, for the molding of the many objects familiar to everyone, such as buttons, electric plugs, radio knobs, telephone transmitters, etc. Because of the fact that the molded Bakelite object will no longer soften when heated, it is used wherever mild heating conditions are encountered, as in coffee percolator handles, oven door handles, the handles of cooking utensils and of electric irons, etc. Another application for the phenol-formaldehyde resins is the preparation of laminated objects. The fusible stage resin is dissolved in alcohol and this solution used for the impregnation of paper or cloth. Any number of sheets of this impregnated paper or fabric can then be pressed together between the heated plates of a press, producing homogeneous sheets of even greater strength than the molded objects. The cafeteria trays mentioned earlier are made in this manner, as well as restaurant table tops, the stock for noiseless gears, airplane propeller blades, switchboard panels, and the like.

A more recent application of the laminating procedure has been the production of resin-bonded plywood which, unlike the glue-bonded plywood, can withstand moisture without dislaminating. In fact, small boats are being constructed of this material as well as small planes for training purposes. An important place in the postwar economy is predicted for plywood as building material for pre-fabricated houses. Although the term "Bakelite" has been used as though synonymous with phenol-formaldehyde resins, it should not be inferred that the Bakelite Corp. is the only producer of such plastics. Following the expiration of Baekeland's basic patents around 1928, a number of other concerns entered this field and became important factors.

ANOTHER substance capable of condensation with formaldehyde, with the production of two-stage resins similar to the phenol-formaldehyde, is urea. This chemical is produced synthetically by the du Pont Co. from the interaction of two gases, ammonia and carbon dioxide. As a result of research by both English and American chemists, with the late Carleton Ellis pioneering in this country, satisfactory molding powders were obtained from the urea-formaldehyde condensation. Like the phenol-formaldehyde resins, they can be melted only once and then pass into the final infusible stage. They are perfectly colorless and hence lend themselves very well to the production of articles of delicate colors, such as the "Beetleware" dinner sets, etc.

A third synthetic plastic of this same type has been developed in the past few years, the melamine-formaldehyde condensation product. It possesses the advantage at the present time over the two preceding resins of being prepared from raw materials that are not critically needed for other war uses. Both phenol and urea are used in explosives manufacture whereas melamine is derived from limestone, coke, and nitrogen of the air.

A fourth type of plastic capable of heat conversion to an infusible state is the glycerine-phthalic anhydride condensation product, in whose development the General Electric Co. has taken the lead. This plastic, under the general designation of alkyd resins, has been utilized largely in the form of an enamel for baking onto steel. Automobile fenders are usually coated with such enamels because of the latter's great adhesion to steel, the toughness of the coating, and its resistance to deteriorating action of sunlight and moisture.

In addition to the preceding truly synthetic plastics, the following three types derived in part from natural sources are likewise capable of conversion to an infusible stage. Let us first consider the soybean protein plastics which have received considerable publicity. After the oil has been extracted from the crushed bean, the residual meal consists of about fifty percent protein and fifty percent inert matter. The protein matter has been found to react with formaldehyde to produce plastics that can be made infusible by heating. However, even in the infusible state, this protein plastic is affected by moisture and is not very strong. It has been found possible, nevertheless, to incorporate a certain proportion of the soybean protein with phenol during the formaldehyde condensation, and to secure plastics which are almost identical with the unadulterated phenol-formaldehyde resin. Thus a portion (about twenty to thirty percent) of the relatively costly phenol can be replaced by soybean protein. The soybean plastics utilized in the molding of various parts of the Ford car, such as the steering wheel, are in reality soybean-modified phenol-formaldehyde plastics.

More or less the same picture applies to the lignin plastics. Lignin is the natural binding agent in wood which holds the cellulose fibers together. For the production of paper from wood pulp, chemical treatment is necessary to dissolve out the lignin and leave the cellulose fibers free. The disposal of the waste liquor containing the lignin has for years been a headache to the paper industry. But as a result largely of the work of chemists in the Marathon Paper Co., various materials have been recovered from the waste liquor, including vanillin (synthetic vanilla flavor, previously quite expensive) and a powdered form of lignin. The latter can be reacted with formaldehyde to produce heat convertible plastics. Here again the properties of the final product are not very good from the standpoint of strength and moisture resistance, but, as in the case of the soybean protein, about twenty percent of the lignin can be added to phenol for the production of a cheaper phenol-lignin-formaldehyde plastic with desirable properties.

A third plastic derived from a natural source is the casein plastic. Casein is the protein of skim milk and is recovered in powdered form. Plasticized by the addition of water, it is extruded in the form of rods, tubes, and sheets, and these are then hardened by soaking in formaldehyde solution for some weeks. Various articles such as cigarette holders, pipe stems, fountain pen barrels, etc., are machined out of the hardened casein plastic on a lathe. This is a case of one plastic which does not lend itself to molding, but can easily be machined.

THE greatest development in the field of plastics in the last few years, however, has been among the materials which remain permanently fusible and in most cases must be mixed with a plasticizer, in the same manner as in the case with the cellulose derivatives described earlier. One group of such plastics, marketed by Carbide and Carbon Chemical Co. under the trade name "Vinylite," and by the Goodrich Rubber Co. under the trade name "Koroseal," is manufactured from a gaseous chemical known as vinyl chloride. This, in turn, is derived from either ethylene or acetylene, easily secured from the coke ovens. The vinyl chloride is emulsified with water and soap, a little hydrogen peroxide added, and the mixture heated in a closed pressure vessel. This treatment transforms the gas, vinyl chloride, to a brittle solid, polyvinyl chloride. By mixing the polyvinyl chloride with a plasticizing liquid, a tough, flexible plastic is obtained.

Extruded in the form of thread, it can be woven into fabric for filtering strongly acid liquids which would decompose the fabrics derived from natural fibers. Extruded in continuous lengths of flexible tubing, the polyvinyl chloride plastic is rapidly displacing other types of insulation for electric wiring. Applied from solution to the surface of cotton fabrics, it forms a flexible coating which is resistant to cracking and to mold growths and hence such coated cloth is recommended for shower curtains, table cloths, etc. Molded into lenses for gas masks, polyvinyl chloride provides protection against flying particles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as gas. A variation of vinyl chloride, known as vinylidene chloride, is marketed in plastic form by the Dow Chemical Co. and when extruded in the shape of reeds has been used for wicker furniture, reed seat covers, etc.

Once chemists discovered the properties of the "polyvinyl" group of substances, they investigated all its ramifications. For example, they made the acetate, which is now used as an adhesive. They made the alcohol derivative, and found that as a tubing it possessed very great tensile strength and was completely unaffected by gasoline and oils, and therefore could be used wherever transporting or transferring gasoline and oils are involved. Treating the alcohols with substances known as aldehydes, chemists have got plastics which combine great strength with great flexibility. The General Electric Co. markets one known as "Formex" for enameling wires, and another for safety glass. Another type of chemical known as the methacrylates were found to possess extraordinary clarity, and are now being used to substitute for glass in optical lenses. One of the remarkable properties of the methacrylate resins is that they conduct light along their entire length; that is, light will bend around corners if directed through such resins. The medical profession is beginning to use instruments made of these resins to investigate regions of the body that could not previously be seen by ordinary lighting methods.

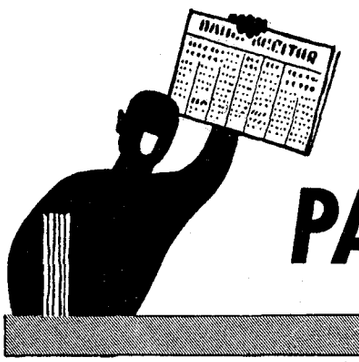
Then there is nylon, already a family word, and chemically in a class by itself. To the shopper buying nylon stockings today, it probably will not mean much to say that certain acids, related to citric acid (as in lemons) are reacted with nitrogen derivatives of the same acids to give the base products of nylon. Dr. Carrothers of du Pont did an enormous amount of work on the theory of these reactions before practical steps were possible. The number of possible combinations of chemicals to produce materials similar to nylon is simply staggering, but instead of investigating each combination, Carrothers was able, through his painstaking theoretical work, to indicate in advance which particular combination would give the properties that nylon has. The final choice turned out to be an acid, and its nitrogen derivative most easily obtained from our old friend and standby, phenol—or carbolic acid.

Like many of the preceding plastics, nylon is softened by heating, and in this hot plastic condition is extruded through a fine orifice to produce continuous threads. At this stage, the individual molecules are considered to be arranged in a helter-skelter way within the extruded thread, and therefore lack strength. But stretching the thread, the molecules are reorientated into parallel lines and the tensile strength of the thread is enhanced greatly, so that the final strength is comparable to that of natural silk. It likewise possesses the elasticity of natural silk which permits fabrics woven from it to resume their original shape after stretching or distortion, unlike cotton and rayon which can be easily stretched out of shape. The great strength of nylon permits of its use in parachute cloth as recently demonstrated in some tests. Its use in ladies' apparel is therefore likely to be eclipsed while the war lasts.

Obviously, plastics open up a new and remarkable world. With such versatile characteristics, plastics are finding wide application in the manufacture of the machines of war, replacing vitally needed metals in some instances, filling irreplaceable needs in others. The quantity available is limited largely by the availability of the raw materials, since the manufacturing processes are in general rather simple and capable of increased output. Chemists working in this field are devoting most of their energies to a search for new sources of raw materials, such as waste agricultural products. They are also attempting to replace the standard materials with substitutes.

As for the future, it is generally agreed that the plastics now available do not represent the limit by any means, and stronger as well as cheaper plastics are in the offing. Whether plastics or magnesium alloys will win greatest public favor is a debatable question, but the odds at present appear to favor the plastics.

ARTHUR HARRISON.



PRESS PARADE

Memo to Mr. Churchill

JUST before the battle of Blenheim, Marlborough (an ancestor of the Prime Minister) was warned by his staff officers of the risks and dangers involved. He is said to have replied: "I know the danger, but a battle is absolutely necessary. I rely upon the bravery and discipline of the troops which will make amends for our disadvantages."

"IF THE Caucasus and its great oil fields should fall into Hitler's hands without the British and Americans opening up a land front in western Europe, history will not blame the Russian people.

"This is why Winston Churchill, the historian, rises to challenge Winston Churchill, the statesman.

"In his history of the Eastern Front, called 'The Unknown War,' Churchill describes the fatal mistake in disposition of the Austro-Hungarian armed forces by Field Marshal Conrad von Hotzendorf in August 1914, and then defines 'the commonest of all great military errors.' He might well have been describing the fateful dilemma of British and American commanders-in-chief in August 1942. This is what Churchill wrote:

" 'There are two enemies and two theaters: the task of the commander is to choose in which he will prevail. To choose either is to suffer grievously in the neglected theater. To choose both is to lose in both . . . a score of good reasons can be given not only for either course, but also for the compromises which ruin them. But the path to safety nearly always lies in rejecting the compromises.'

". . . Will Churchill the statesman, follow the counsels of Churchill, the military historian? Time and tide and the Germans will not wait long for an answer."

Leland Stowe in the Chicago "Daily News."

"Excuse It, Please!"

ARNALDO CORTESI, New York "Times" correspondent, finds a gracious word for the reactionary Castillo regime: "To give the Argentine Government its due, it should also be pointed out that its refusal to cooperate with the United States extends only or principally to the central problem of a rupture of relations with the Axis." Which reminds a NEW MASSES staff member of a plaintive line heard in a Show Boat production some twenty years ago: "Aside from them two murders, I never done nothing wrong."

The Tactic of Diversion

"OPEN a 'Second Front' at the Waldorf. If you have a servant problem, a transportation problem, a maintenance problem, a home ownership problem, you are fighting a losing fight, because the wartime economy of these United States is stacked against you! Open a 'Second Front' at the Waldorf-Astoria and relieve the pressure on your income and your nerves!"

From a Waldorf-Astoria ad.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LADY ASTOR IS AT IT AGAIN

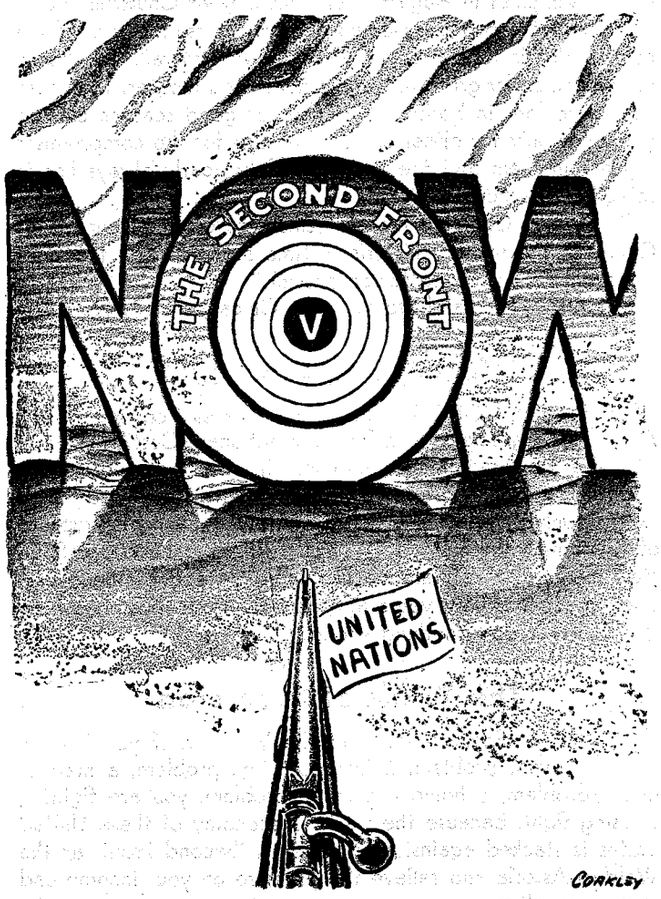
The dowager of the Cliveden set emerges upon the political scene. Those she represents. Why the majority of Britons feel she should be arrested and her place in Commons declared vacant.

London (by cable).

IN THE year 425 BC there was an uproar in Athens because large sections of the population believed that more effective military action could be taken against the enemy, and particularly that a sea-borne assault upon the enemy defenses at Pylos could bring excellent results if resolutely carried out. The leader of the agitation was one Cleon. He accused the government and the high command of feebleness. He said there were elements secretly or even semi-publicly in favor of appeasement. Finally the chief of the high command, by name Niki, said that if the populace and Cleon were so damned smart they could take over the command and see what they could do about it. Cleon was somewhat unwilling. However, he did take over the command, he got himself a first class general to do the tactical work, and he did take Pylos.

The mood of the British people at this moment is getting somewhere near to that of the Athenians when they decided that the amateur who declared for offensive action now was maybe nearer the right lines than all the experts—not to mention the appeasers—who produced innumerable, apparently excellent reasons for delay.

A sharp edge has been put on public opinion by the scandalous emergence of Lady Astor into the political battle just when a majority of persons were indulging in the over-optimistic supposition that this old wreck had sunk forever, together with the wreckage of the hopes which were once cherished at Cliveden and in Ribbentrop's study at Carlton House Terrace. The Communist Party this week succinctly expressed the exasperated and alarmed feelings of a majority of decent people by demanding that Lady Astor should be arrested, her seat in Commons declared vacant, and a chance given to the people of Plymouth to choose a representative more properly expressive of the feelings of the people rather than one who is now gratefully quoted by Goebbels on the German radio.



CORKLEY
The Washington Post

READY—AIM—FIRE!

The matter is serious. People were prepared to accept as possibly not gravely significant some of the other similar indications of a right wing attack upon the policy of the United Nations and above all upon those holding the United Nations' main front. The public and shameless reappearance of the leader of the Cliveden set has set people asking whether some intrigue behind the scenes has perhaps really gone a great deal further than commonly believed. It is recalled that just before the signing of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty and the announcement of the three powers on the question of the second front, Major Cazalet and his associates in the House led a pressure campaign against the government in an attempt to prevent or water down the agreement between the enemies of fascism. The question now being asked is whether the sudden outburst of Lady Astor is not the signal that another attack of a similar kind is going over the top to prevent some further implementation of the agreement reached in May.

It is obviously a grave matter that such utterances should be made under the auspices of the Ministry of Information at a moment when, for example, the utterances of those who are most actively demanding the full implementation of the agreements and the opening of a second front are partially suffocated by the ban on the London *Daily Worker*. It is no wonder that people—the same people who rose in instant vigilance and alarm at the utterances of Moore-Brabazon and Captain Margesson—should now be declaring that the present tense situation represents the severest test of the policy of the government in general and of Mr. Morrison, the Home Secretary, in particular. This situation, it is clear, has arisen as a result of the delay in fulfilling the obligations assumed in May, the continued censorship of a large section of working class press opinion, and the present bold, apparently secure attitude of the most noxious and treacherous right wing elements.

Naturally anxiety is increased on the score of these disruptive influences in Britain by the news published here—scrappy though it is—of a "second front conference" in Moscow. It is at least a natural suspicion that the sort of interests represented by Lady Astor should be creeping out of the woodwork in order to make a last hour assault on any new plans for victory which may be coming to fruition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors

BARBARA GILES — JOSEPH NORTH — *Washington Editor* — BRUCE MINTON
A. B. MAGIL — JOSEPH STAROBIN — *Business Manager* — CARL BRISTEL
RUTH McKENNEY — JOHN STUART — *Promotion and Circulation* — HERBERT GOLDFRANK

We Can Do It Now

AMERICAN troops in England are ready to open a second front in Europe now. This is not conjecture or hope. It is the considered opinion of Maj. Gen. Mark W. Clark, commander of the American ground forces in Britain. General Clark's interview with the press last Sunday furnished impressive evidence of the feasibility of an immediate invasion that would lock the Nazis in the jaws of a two-front war. "We could profitably use six months more training, but this could be considerably shortened if necessary," he said. And he added, according to the New York *Herald Tribune,* that "American troops are ready to invade the continent at once if necessary." With these words General Clark swept into the rubbish all the miserable little pretexts which both appeasers and defensive-minded fainthearts have conjured up to delay the opening of a Western Front. No, General Clark said in effect, not shipping nor lack of arms nor insufficient manpower nor inadequate training nor any of the alleged obstacles stands in the way of an immediate second front. If necessary—and his words no doubt apply equally to the British forces—*we can do it now.*

If necessary. . . . Can there be any doubt on that score? Does not the terrible advance of the Nazi legions against the oil fields of Russia and against Stalingrad, threatening to destroy the offensive power of our strongest ally, impel us with the force of an earthquake to the realization that this is the most urgent crisis of all, that now, *now* is the time to strike if our cause is to be saved? Many of us still do not understand that this is our crisis, as well as Russia's, that those are our troops that are being battered back for lack of aid from the west, that it is our future that hangs so desperately in the balance. American correspondents in Moscow, men like Leland Stowe and Ben Robertson, neither of them Communists or sympathetic to Communism, have been shouting the truth to us. "The hour-glass of the Anglo-American democracies," wrote Stowe in the Chicago *Daily News* and New York *Post* of August 4, "is running lower than it has ever since the Declaration of Independence. The United States and Britain are in immediate danger of losing this war—and can lose it in the next forty days." And Stowe pointed out: "If the Caucasus falls, every American or British front or stronghold in the Middle East, in Africa, in India and in the Far East falls, or at least totters, with it."

Even if we manage to escape complete catastrophe, as Ben Robertson reminds us in *PM* of August 10: "The longer we delay this actual fight, the more deaths we will be obliged to give in the end for our victory. We pay death now for delay and we pay with Tom's life and with Dick's life."

Tom and Dick want to live. America wants to live. We will live only if we and the British fight the Nazi beast, not in October or November, when it may be too late, but now.

THERE is another very grave danger in delay: that the Axis will open a second front of its own through a Japanese attack on Siberia. The Tokyo radio the other day for the first time hinted about the possibility of such an attack. We need have no illusion about the purpose of the large Japanese troop concentrations on the Soviet border. Every day that America and Britain fail to open a second front in western Europe is an invitation to the Japanese to launch their own offensive against a sorely pressed and weakened Red Army.

In this connection the American offensive against the Japanese positions in the Solomon Islands, northeast of Australia, marks a hopeful break with the strategy of waiting for the enemy to act. This time we struck first. As we go to press, the information concerning the Solomon Islands battle is meager and inconclusive. If we succeed in ousting the Japanese, we will have removed a threat to our communications with Australia and New Caledonia. At best, however, this is an offensive of limited, though highly important, objectives. Its most encouraging aspect is that here for the first time the United States has seized the initiative. Yet despite blaring newspaper headlines which practically drowned out the news from the Soviet front, it is in Europe that the Axis must be defeated, it is in Europe that the most powerful blow can be dealt to the Japanese dreams of conquest, it is in Europe that the independence of America and all the United Nations must be defended before it is too late. The initiative we have seized on a small scale in the Solomon Islands battle must be seized on a large scale in Western Europe if all is not to be lost.

Election Lines and Frontlines

IT HARDLY needs saying that the victory of Howard Smith and Clifton Woodrum in the Virginia primaries is a victory for defeatists. Both these congressmen have pretended to support America's foreign policy while they did their worst to hobble the war program with anti-labor laws, "economy" measures, and general disunity. But the victory for Westbrook Pegler and his friends isn't as large as they seem to think. One would suppose, from the expressions of their rejoicing, that as Virginia goes, so goes the nation. Or: if Woodrum and Smith could do it, why not Ham Fish? Why not all the "pre-Pearl Harbor" appeasers? The electorate, according to the appeaser press, is *not* so willing to "purge" the enemies of the Roosevelt administration—just look at Virginia. . . .

Well, just look. Virginia is one of eight southern states which still have a poll tax. Only a small percentage of the potential electorate is actually franchised. The people who did vote were not sufficiently educated on the meaning of Smith's and Woodrum's anti-labor attitude *as it pertained to the war.* In short, the campaign against these two poll taxers was not clearly enough grounded on the one important objective: to replace them with win-the-war candidates. You had a different situation in the Oklahoma primaries where, with one exception, the chief candidates who came out victorious were those who appealed to the voters on the basis of their support of the war and of national unity.

Supporters of Ham Fish and his congressional coterie know very well that they face a tougher battle than that of the Virginia primaries. This is why they are trying a new line; to wit, that Fish and the others are "pre-Pearl Harbor" isolationists, but they've seen the light since and should be forgiven any little "errors" they once made. Ham Fish's errors consisted merely of things like chumming with George Sylvester Viereck, indicted as a Nazi spy; and his present state of redemption may be measured by some of his campaign contributions, which include $100 from Col. Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune.* Colonel McCormick, who bellows defeatism, lives pretty far from Fish's district but he knows his friends in Congress. There are others—for example the *Tribune's*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own senator, C. Wayland Brooks of Illinois. Such men must not be allowed to get away with quick changes in rhetoric. They did not support the war when Pearl Harbor was bombed, and they're not supporting it now.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Blunder

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S letter to Eugene Connolly, secretary of the New York County Committee of the American Labor Party, attacking the county committee and dragging the familiar red herring of Communism into the New York election campaign, is a bad blunder unworthy of the First Lady of the land. If she could not see her way to promoting unity in the American Labor Party, which would have been a distinct service to the nation, at the very least it was incumbent on her to maintain a discreet silence. Her unfortunate letter is grist for the mill of Dies, Pegler, Coughlin, and Hearst. And it is a godsend for the anti-Roosevelt, appeasement forces who are trying to capture the gubernatorial election in New York.

The fact is that both wings of the ALP are agreed on all-out support of the war. Both are agreed on backing Sen. James Mead for governor and on most other questions. Only the fact that the right wing leaders, dominated by a handful of Social-Democratic reactionaries, continue to nurture ancient hates, indifferent to the harmful effects on national unity and the war effort, keeps the two groups divided despite the strenuous efforts of the New York County Committee to unite the party.

In her comments on the American Communist Party Mrs. Roosevelt seems to have acted under the inspiration of Attorney General Biddle. She repeats the canard that the Communist Party "is controlled by Russia and Russia's interests." Was the Communist Party acting in Russia's interests or America's when it advocated prior to the outbreak of war collective security to block Nazi and Japanese aggression? Was the Communist Party acting in Russia's interests or America's when it urged closest collaboration between the two countries? And is President Roosevelt a Communist because he has adopted this very policy?

It is time Mrs. Roosevelt and other such misguided persons learned the facts of life on this question. There were Communists in America long before there were any in Russia, and Abraham Lincoln did not hesitate to appoint Communists to responsible posts in the Union Army. Today it is clear that the divisive policy of discriminating against Communists and those who may happen to agree with them is the very policy that Hitler and his fifth column used to drive nation after nation to disaster.

How harmful this policy can be is evident from the fact that it is being used not only against Communists, but other progressives as well. A case in point is the smear campaign against Rep. Vito Marcantonio. When the directors of Vote for Freedom, who favor the defeat of the Axis, list Marcantonio with notorious appeasers like Ham Fish and Rep. William Barry, Goebbels in Berlin must be enjoying a huge belly-laugh. Marcantonio—who did not shed tears over "little Finland" in 1939-40, who did not wait till June 22, 1941, to discover that Russia was not an ally of Germany, and whose speeches have never been quoted by the Berlin radio—is the worst enemy of the Axis in Congress. There is no higher test of patriotism today.

What the Auto Workers Did

AN ACCURATE gauge of labor's wartime thinking was afforded all America at the seventh annual convention of the United Automobile Workers in Chicago last week. The nation's largest union—some 700,000 strong—stood foursquare behind its win-the-war leadership; almost to a man it endorsed the second front resolution; it spoke up unequivocally against racial discrimination (exceedingly significant considering the attempts made by Michigan klansmen to infiltrate into the setup); and, in short, it spiked every attempt made by a camarilla of Trotskyists, mealy-mouthed Norman Thomas followers, and rattlesnake Coughlinites to sow dissatisfaction against a leadership which has reflected the majority's desire for unity behind the fundamental interests of the membership.

Unity—that concept without which the union would still be a cauldron of rival factions struggling futilely for improved living and working conditions—loomed big at the meeting. Philip Murray's address, in this regard, was particularly significant. American labor has cast off its antiquated isolationist viewpoint; Mr. Murray sought full cooperation, harmony—unity—between American labor and its brothers abroad. Likewise, he urged unity with the 5,000,000 in the AFL. On the first score, he protested the exclusion of the CIO and the railroad brotherhoods from the negotiations centered about allied labor unity. The AFL, which carried through the parleys, is less than half of the organized American labor movement.

Secondly, Mr. Murray asked that the AFL council meeting, then convened at Chicago, grant William Green the power to "mediate, conciliate, and arbitrate" immediately, even before the projected AFL-CIO unity conferences are held. He guaranteed that the harassing jurisdictional squabbles could thus be settled. Furthermore, such conferences between Murray and Green could expand the working cooperation now existent between the two major labor setups on the Labor Victory Board.

The CIO leader leveled his hottest fire at the obstructionists in Washington who have torpedoed the president's anti-inflation seven-point plan, thus provoking hardships in labor's ranks while profits continue to amass in big industry's coffers. The failure, he pointed out, to adopt the program has brought a slash in diet, in living conditions and in the buying power of war workers. Under these circumstances, labor must press for more adequate adjustments until an all-over economic program becomes a reality.

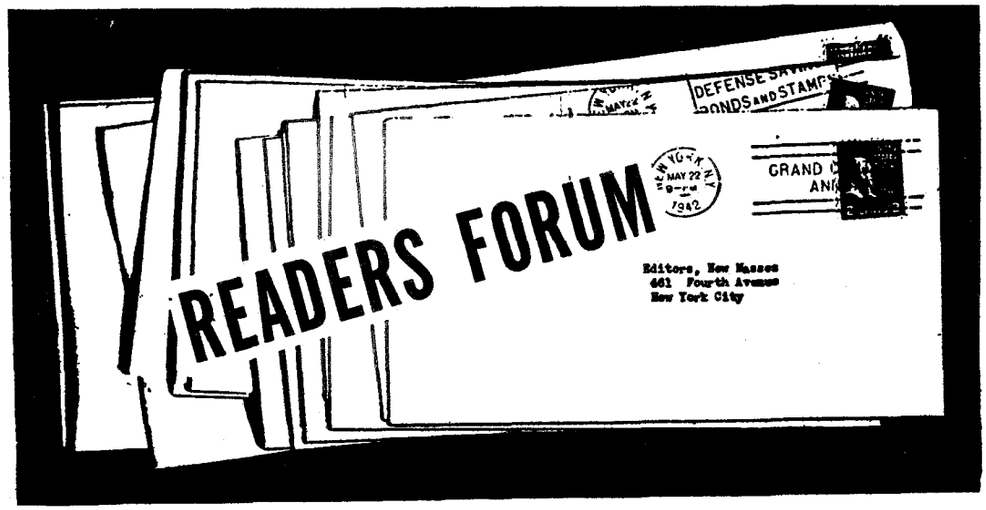
All in all, the convention proved eminently constructive, and showed America how the largest labor union in the country acts under the unprecedented stresses of global war.

How Far Can They Go?

THE McCormick-Patterson papers undoubtedly went "too far" last June when they published a certain story in connection with the Battle of Midway. Now the three papers, the Chicago *Tribune,* New York *Daily News,* and Washington *Times-Herald,* are under investigation by a Federal Grand Jury, on the charge of having published information of a secret military nature. Not only are the papers charged with violating the censorship; they may have violated the 1917 Espionage Act. And, what's far more important, the story they printed certainly must have been useful to the Japanese.

The natural reaction of people, when they read of the investigation, was probably: "It's high time." It will be remembered that the Chicago *Tribune,* which first printed the offending story in June, also published last December, a few days before Pearl Harbor, a Washington dispatch based on confidential Army information. But these are only the most sensational sins of the Patterson-McCormick press. They are only two items in these papers' long service to the enemies of America. For how many months have these three journals worked at slandering this nation's allies, slandering the government itself, trying to incite rebellion against civilian war measures—in short, doing the very things for which less powerful periodicals and individuals have been indicted by a Washington jury? The *Tribune* has suggested that our Commander-in-Chief should be impeached; the *Daily News* has suggested that he is a Caesar and that Caesar was assassinated. How far does a paper have to go before it's "too far"? It is reassuring news that the government has moved to investigate violations of the censorship, or of the Espionage Act. But the New York-Chicago-Washington publishing axis has violated too much else besides—it shouldn't be tried on one count alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Open It Up!

To New Masses: Not as a military expert, for I know nothing about war, but as a citizen deeply concerned in the survival of democracy, permit me to say that if anything but sheer military impotency has prevented the United States and its allies for the past six months, or prevents us now, from opening a second front in Europe for the relief of the Red Army, we are guilty of a betrayal of our Soviet ally and of democracy for which our children and our children's children will have tragic cause to never forgive us; and for which history will condemn us utterly.

Rockwell Kent.

Ausable Forks, N. Y.

To New Masses: When Hitler drove what he called the "Kultur Bolsheviks" out of the Third Reich or underground, he threw away the finest artists in Germany. Those who work for der fuehrer now are not likely to make Adolf feel inferior in his own poor attempts with brush and palette; their work is as banal, as devoid of creativeness or power, as the whole horrible "culture" front of Nazism. I can remember when I and some other artists took the artistic pretensions of Berlin as nothing but a joke. And they were laughable, to be sure. Now, however, we don't think it merely funny. We don't laugh at anything, however ridiculous it looks, when it comes out of the Third Reich these days. Instead we say to ourselves, "Will it come to this over here some day? Will we, too, have our brushes knocked from our hands, our easels handed over to the caricaturists of honest art?"

We ask ourselves that as we watch the panzers roll toward Stalingrad, the tremendous armies of Hitler pressing slowly against the gigantic determination of outnumbered Red soldiers. There is only one way to stop the arch-murderer and stop him quickly, and that is for *all* of us to fight him. By all of us I mean we, the Americans, the British, and all the United Nations. And we can all finish him quickly—by invading the continent, opening up a second front.

L. N. K.

Denver, Colo.

To New Masses: There has been much controversy over the radio, in the papers, etc., concerning the all important question of opening the Western Front in Europe now. Certainly with ninety percent of Hitler's army fighting against the Soviet Union, it seems incredible that the United Nations are still hesitant about opening that much needed Western Front. I, a Negro person, feel this issue of opening a second front is of tremendous importance to my people here in America, and to the peoples of India, Africa, and all colonial peoples. The opening of such a front now would aid in wiping out the evil practices of discrimination against Negroes in the armed forces and civilian life; would aid in sending representatives of the people to Congress, by burying the poll tax; would serve as a weapon in squelching the organized terror in the form of lynching, beatings, and slanders against our people, by the passage of the Anti-Lynch Bill; would aid in taking our many unemployed Negro youth off the streets, youths who are only too eager to join the production line to defeat the Axis if given the opportunity.

The same Negro-baiters, appeasers, and defeatists, who are instrumental and successful in carrying through these pro-Hitler acts against my people, are the same Axis stooges who are holding up the opening of the Western Front. This people's war for freedom is very vital in gaining democracy for us. The traitors who continue to sow their Hitlerite propaganda among Negroes; traitors who continue to use the rope and the tree instead of encouraging the national unity so badly needed in order to open the second front and to win the war, are enemies of freedom who should be exposed and treated as such.

If Hitler is successful in winning this war, the lynchings in the South and the discrimination in the North would be child's play compared to what Rankin from Georgia, Dies from Texas, Smith from this state, Virginia, and many other Hitlers in this country would do in oppressing and keeping us in subjugation.

Thelma Brown.

Richmond, Virginia.

To New Masses: One of my children, my oldest boy, has been in uniform since before Pearl Harbor and all I know about him right now is that he's fighting somewhere in the Pacific. And that is why I am writing you now about the terrible need for a second front. I have another son still in camp. It is very possible that he would be on that second front if it were opened soon. A woman acquaintance of mine pointed that out to me the other day and asked me if it didn't make me feel less strongly than I do for a Western Front. I told her that it was just the opposite. Of course I would suffer for him, I would be terribly anxious about him; but I feel, I *know*, that he would be in far greater peril if the war were not won as quickly as possible.

How can anyone fail to see that if we let Hitler go on this way, *our own country* might be invaded? This woman who spoke to me seemed to be under the impression that I wanted a second front only because I hoped it would take some of the pressure of the war off the Pacific. But that isn't it. The point is that we will win on *both* fronts if only the Nazis are attacked from the rear while they are facing the Russians.

I know all the arguments about its not being "as simple as all that." Of course it isn't. Just the same, I'm not talking only from what I believe, or wish. For some time I have been reading articles on the second front. I also read the newspapers every day and listen to the news broadcasts. It isn't always easy to do that with the news as it is today; for a while I had to force myself to it. But I would go crazy if I just sat and thought and wondered. It isn't enough, either, just to keep my hands busy—I have plenty to do in my own home and in civilian activities for the war. But I have to *know* how things are going, why they are going that way, and what I can do about it. And every single time I hear a "Flash" interrupting a radio program, my heart jumps: maybe it's news of a second front!

Meanwhile I'm working for it just as hard as I can. I'm working for it not only for my sons' sake, but for my own and, yes, for the whole country. Millions of Americans feel as I do about this, I am positive. Can't we, all together, do more about it? I'm proud to let my sons go and I am proud of this whole fight against Adolf Hitler and his allies. I would be a lot prouder, though, if we were throwing our whole weight in right now, fighting for a quick victory.

Mrs. E. O.

Chicago.

To New Masses: I want to express my gratitude for your fine editorials on the need for that Western Front immediately. In my own bailiwick I have done a good deal to get people to write the President. In some cases it wasn't easy. Here in a small midwestern town our press does not help give a sense of the crisis the United Nations are in. And there is a tendency for people to think that no one can beat us. With people expressing such feeling, patient explanation results in agreement about the urgency for an invasion of the Continent now.

Then there are those who want a second front but think that the military men are the ones to decide the time. That, of course, is difficult to handle. But I have been able to convince a few that since this is a people's war, and since many of us will die in it, the least we can do is inform the military leaders that in our opinion this is the strategic moment to crush Hitler in a nutcracker.

One young school teacher I spoke with feels utterly hopeless about the ability of the average man to convince Washington and London to do something now. She says that she has written time and again to both congressmen and the White House. She knows that thousands of others have also. And still nothing has happened. So now she is sitting on her hands—helpless.

I consider this most unfortunate. And if it is happening elsewhere—that is exactly what the Berlin mob wants. Every great political—and military—decision has had to have the support of tremendous masses. This is a thousandfold more true today. This passivity has got to be fought. It has got to be throttled by the most persevering and consistent campaigning by all those who have some idea of the war box score.

Dubuque, Iowa. Charles Kern.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACKOUT OF THE "CITY OF LIGHT"

"New Order" culture in Paris and Vichy. Samuel Putnam examines the case histories of Jean Cocteau, Paul Morand, the few writers and artists who now work for Laval. "Clean corpses" on the Left Bank.

FROM that City of Darkness which was once the *"Ville des lumiers,"* from Paris itself, and from Vichy, strange and disquieting rumors have been coming of late. These rumors, at first vague and bodiless as phantoms, are beginning swiftly now to take on the substance of a distressing reality.

We must all of us have wondered, all those of us who in the past have been concerned with the proud and noble culture that was French, as to just what was happening to the writers and artists of France, under the Nazi boot-heel. What had become of them all, anyway, especially those many valiant ones who in the old days—for instance, at the time of the Hoare-Laval pact and Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, in 1935—had dared to raise their voices and to use their pens in behalf of the cause of democracy and human freedom? What of those intellectuals and artists who had rallied to the side of the French working class on that bloody Sixth of February, 1934, and who throughout the period of the Spanish war, from their citadel, the Maison de Culture, had fought the men of Munich and the Cagoulard betrayers? Had they been stood up against a wall and shot like the Spanish Lorca, or were they being slowly starved in concentration camps like the venerable Antonio Machado? One questioned the darkness, and the answer was the silence of the night.

Then, one began to hear rumors——

Some time ago, in New York City, I was overjoyed to encounter an old Left Bank acquaintance, a Russian sculptor who had lived for years in Paris, whose studio I used to visit, and with whom I used to walk and talk in the days when Paris was truly the home of the free and roving spirit of man. Our conversation naturally turned to the Quarter and its inmates whom we had known in common, and on the larger world of literary and artistic creation which merely found its point of confluence there.

"Well," I began, "how is the carrefour Vavin under the Swastika?"

My friend gave me a quizzical look.

"The Montparnasse tarts," he said, with a rather curious emphasis (I am translating his French by the only adequate equivalent), "are fraternizing with the *Sturmabteilung*."

"The tarts? But—don't they always? Is there anything so surprising in that?"

There was a sardonic pucker at the corner of my friend's mouth.

"There are," he replied, "tarts and tarts, and some of them write books and paint pictures."

AS HE said this, my mind went back to 1935 and a certain manifesto signed by a group of French "intellectuals"—a manifesto in support of Mussolini. I recalled how this had been answered by a ringing manifesto from the other side, signed by nearly every worthwhile writer, artist, and scholar in France. I remembered the division of the sheep and the goats which had then been so evident, in a creative as well as in a moral and political sense. I recalled all this, and I wondered—wondered about those "tarts."

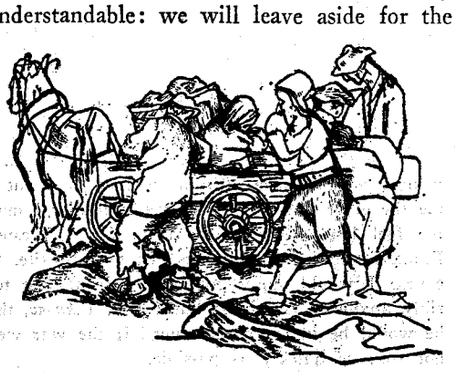
I inquired after certain writers who had been looked upon as militant democrats.

My friend smiled again, that curious smile of his.

"In Russian," he said, "we have a proverb: lower than the grass and stiller than the water. That is N——."

I understood what he meant; for this was not something that was new to me. I could not help thinking of the little Cafe de la Consigne, opposite the Gare du Montparnasse, where the Italian writers used to congregate, and of the eloquent manner in which they used to talk with their eyes whenever a "delicate" subject came up; it was the only way in which they *could* speak, if they wished to return to Italy, or if they valued their lives. I myself had lived in fascist Italy, and I knew well that tragic silence which is a form of exile, a concentration camp which the writer or artist carries about with him. I had found it in Italy, I found it in the Germany of 1933, and I had met with it again in Brazil. It was that death-in-life, those *"grands cimetieres sous la lune,"* which fascism inevitably brings to the culture of a country.

In this light the case of N——, while tragic in the extreme, was yet understandable. I say understandable: we will leave aside for the moment any ethical judgment or question of courage, realizing as we must the fearfulness of the ordeal and the weakness of human flesh. If this were all—



Those rumors were growing more distinct, taking on more body.

M. Georges Duhamel, the "machine-hater" of old, was collaborating with the Nazis. This was hardly a shock; one might almost have laid a wager upon it. Strange, is it not, how these agrarians and handicraft worshipers, these *laudatores temporis acti,* from Marshal Petain down, so readily bend the knee to Adolf Hitler's idyllic "New Order" and the sweetly pastoral civilization of the panzer division? There were others, third-raters to tenth-raters; they did not matter; after all, they were merely coming into their own.

Even the news brought me by my Russian sculptor friend, that Jean Cocteau is now laboring as a paid propagandist for the Nazis, scarcely did more than provoke a contemptuous smile. Cocteau is a self-confessed degenerate of the upper middle class (plush butler and all the accessories). Read his book of memoirs, the *Portraits-Souvenir,* of some years ago and you will have his background. In the best book he ever wrote, *Les Enfants Terribles,* he likewise tells us much of himself. Mingled with all this is a passion for ecclesiastical mummery; we have heard Ehrenbourg telling of that party at the Ritz in Paris at which Cocteau went through the sacerdotal forms of "baptizing" his god-child. As for the Cocteau æsthetic: *"Le truc c'est l'art." "Je suis un mensonge qui dit toujours la verite."* In his *Portraits-Souvenir* Cocteau wrote: *"Un rideau tombe, un rideau se leve. La vie est morte. . . . Je profite d'une entr'acte pour me lever, pour me delasser, me retourner et promener ma lorgnette."* ("The trick is the art." "I am the lie who always tells the truth. A curtain falls, a curtain rises. Life is dead. I profit from the intermission to rise to refresh myself, to turn around and raise my lorgnette.") For the opium smoker-pervert Jean Cocteau the Hitler occupation is another *"entr'acte"* to be surveyed through his *"lorgnette";* and if the Nazis are willing to pay a few sous for it, *que diable!* It is something new to be paid for amusing oneself in this manner. Perhaps the Nazis are not so bad after all. Truly, Jean Cocteau is "a lie that tells the truth."

Then came the press report that M. Paul Morand, the same Paul Morand who back in the mid-thirties was calling for "clean

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corpses," had been made Propaganda Minister for the Vichy government. This also was not surprising. As far back as 1934 Ilya Ehrenbourg had called attention to the direction in which Morand was headed, and it was visible long before that. Indeeed, that is the point of the whole thing. When intellectuals desert, turn traitor, the roots of their treason may almost invariably be found in their past, in their past thinking and attitudes. Any individual's today is the child of his yesterdays. Vacillations and divagations there may be, stumblings and retracings of the path; but there is a line, a line of growth or decay, that runs through it all, and man goes forward to the fulness of life or to death. If he takes the latter road, he naturally finds in fascism a welcoming halfway house.

It is this halfway house that the little creeping half-dead of French letters and the arts have found.

I HAVE been looking back over M. Morand's early work, in the post-Dada era of the early twenties, and I was especially struck by a note on himself which he contributed to Paul Valery's magazine, *Litterature.*

"Paul Morand," wrote Paul Morand, "is the product of a high-speed era. He has struggled from the beginning against prolixity, dilution, 'literature,' eloquence, bookish culture, etc."

Here are plainly to be descried the post-War Dada-Surrealist roots of the author of *Ouvert la Nuit* (Open all Night) and *L'Europe Galante* (The Gallant Europe), roots that may be traced as far back as Rimbaud ("Take eloquence and wring its neck"). Here is the typical Dadaistic contempt for the culture of the past—and should a Dadaist worry, then, if a Hitler comes along to trample on all this "eloquence" and "literature" and "bookish culture" that man has built up through the ages? It was, to say the least, an unprepossessing start. The only hope lay in outgrowing the Dada influence; but M. Morand never did outgrow it—how many did? You can count them on one hand and have about four fingers left. Name Aragon, and you've just about named them all.

Even as a Dadaist, however, M. Morand did not ring true; he was a good deal of a phony. What he did was to take the Dada technique (for even Dada had a technique) and vulgarize it for commercial purposes; and by so doing he fared very well, through translations in America and other countries. He also borrowed from the geographic neo-Jules Verne writers of the epoch such as Giraudoux and MacOrlan, and ran it all through the same mill.

Coupled with this shoddy brand of ism-faking on M. Morand's part was, on the one hand, a certain insensate worship of speed for speed's sake that is characteristic of fascist *poseurs* (cf. Mussolini's late and unlamented son), and on the other hand a social restlessness, rather than unrest, which obviously held its elements of peril. A well-padded diplomat by profession, M. Morand, it will be recalled,

is the one who wanted his hide made into a traveling bag, when he was dead, a fascist touch that hardly calls for comment. Take this in connection with the "clean corpses," and you have the temper of his mind. If further evidence is desired, turn to his early verse volume, the *Feuilles de Temperature,* and read his poem, "Another Jew Dead":

. . . . the people are afraid of revolution
as of everything that might restore them to themselves, that is, to the state of nothingness that is theirs
. . . . they are unable to imagine any other well-being than that of huddling about the State
as around a stove
. . . . men are glad to obey
and not to have to be free. . . .

These lines, remember, were published some twenty years ago. Note the unveiled contempt of the masses, the essentially fascist attitude toward the state. Then go on and savor the repellent anti-Semitism of the remainder of the poem, the description of the old Jew "nursing an acid thought corrosive of Aryan doctrines":

That is why this corpse, robbed of its shoes,
is lying, on this frosty morning,
at the base of the Maximilianeum.

Is it surprising that today the author of those lines is Vichy's Minister of Propaganda?

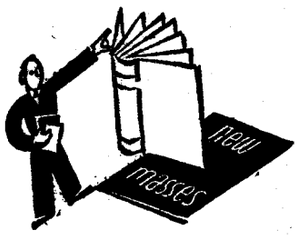
OR LET us take the case of another "collaborator," Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. Drieu La Rochelle had openly proclaimed his adherence to fascism some time before Munich, and we knew precisely where he would be when the time for a showdown came. As in the case of M. Morand, his disease—for these are in reality case studies, all of them—is one of long standing. Product of the Jesuit seminary, this "Norman of Paris" had emerged from the trenches of World War I (an experience which he looked upon as his own "Season in Hell") with Rimbaud as his god. Already, in 1917, the reactionary nationalist Maurice Barres had heaped praise on his verse volume, *Interrogation,* calling it the greatest book that had come out of the war. This work was followed four years later (1921) by *Etat-Civil,* which may be said to represent the soul-gropings of a young French bourgeois. Then, in 1923, Drieu La Rochelle published his *Mesure de la France,* in which he endeavored to strike the moral and political "balance sheet" of his country ("le bilan de la France").

By this time his direction was clear, if there had been any doubt before. He now begins to talk of a new "call of the West"; as Massimo Bontempelli and his *Novecentisti* (Twentieth Century Group) are doing in Italy, and as that budding fascist Plinio Salgado is doing in far away Brazil—the implication being, of course, a revolt against "oriental" Bolshevism, and the imperialist destiny of the western powers. Meanwhile, Drieu La Rochelle was displaying a demagogic interest in politics, reserving his most sincere advances for the Action Francaise. In the realm of literary politics, he in turn hung about the fringes of Dada, the Cocteau coterie, the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise* group, the Claudel Catholics, etc. His temper was a snarling one (this seems to be a characteristic of his kind), and like M. Morand he exhibited a suspicious restlessness of interest in the social and political scene. He was one of the most vociferous of the self-confessors in that era of the 1920's in which the *"examen de conscience"* rivaled the *"enquete"* (inquest) as a literary diversion. He finally made a clean breast of the matter in his *Jeune Europeen* of 1927.

And so, one might go on. It is, as I have said, very largely a matter of case histories. One does not always have the history complete in all its details, particularly the foreign reader; but one may none the less be fairly certain that the history is there. It might indeed be said that there is such a thing, on the cultural plane, as a pre-fascist stage that is readily recognizable in retrospect. This is not to say that "human nature does not change," that the individual remains static. Human nature, the individual, do change, that is just the point. Like everything else in the universe, they are in constant flux, in constant process of evolving, until the nodal point is reached, quantity passes over into quality, and the process of gradual change is culminated by the sudden change which jars us into a shocked perceptiveness. The Paul Morand and the Drieu La Rochelle of today are not the ones whose acquaintance we made in the early 1920's, yet the germ of their treason was there and the line of their evolvement is consistent enough.

In other words, these traitors to the cause of human freedom and human progress are, when all is said, simply being true to themselves, that is to say, to those warped selves which they themselves have forged. It is in a way a sort of last judgment to which we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



one Year of

NEW MASSES

plus

SHOOTING THE RUSSIAN WAR

By MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

List Price $2.75

Combination Offer $6.65

or

	Our Gift Combination Price	You Save
THE EDGE OF THE SWORD by Vladimir Pozner list price $2.50	$6.50	$1.00
VILLAGE IN AUGUST by Tien Chun list price $2.50	6.50	1.00
RUSSIA'S FIGHTING FORCES By Sergei N. Kournakoff	5.00	.50
ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL by Quentin Reynolds list price $2.50	6.50	1.00
RUSSIANS DON'T SURRENDER by Alexander Poliakov list price $2.50	6.50	1.00
THE GIFT OF TONGUES by Margaret Schlauch list price $3.50	7.25	1.25
MISSION TO MOSCOW by Joseph E. Davies list price $3.00	6.75	1.25
LONG VIEW by Genevieve Taggard list price $2.00	6.20	.80
THE COPPERHEADS by William Blake list price $3.00	6.00	2.00
HOW MAN BECAME A GIANT by M. Ilin list price $2.00	6.25	.75

NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take advantage of your combination offer.

Enclosed find $ . . . . . .

The book I desire is . . . . . .

Please send it to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

The one-year subscription (or renewal) to NEW MASSES you may send to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

8-18-42

might have looked forward any time these past ten years. It is a time in which each writer, each artist, each intellectual shows himself in his true light, and by so doing sheds a revealing light on his own creative past. It is a time in which each comes to his own—there is no no-man's-land in this man's war. How far away seem the days when we were told that "politics is not the business of the artist" (e.g., Ezra Pound: "Socialism was not the business of my generation"). It would appear to be very much his business today!

Meantime, as those dark rumors continue to come from the darkened City of Light, let us not be too downcast, knowing as we do that it is the process of life itself that we are witnessing—and of death breaking away from life, to seek the living tomb of fascism. It has happened before in the crucial eras of history, at the great turning points of mankind. There is, however, a vital difference: where in the past a Wordsworth, for example, through narrow class vision, might become a renegade, a "lost leader" with a "riband to stick in his coat," the issue today is too clean-cut for any such mistaken choice on the part of culture's representatives or any who care for culture; for it is the future of human culture itself, nothing less, that is at stake, and only those who contemn the work of man's spirit, even though they may profess to be its purveyors, can deliberately cast their lot with the powers of darkness.

The literature, the culture of France is not dead today; it lives in exile, in the concentration camp (we may be sure of that), and in the prison of that tragic silence—"lower than the grass and stiller than the water."

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Portrait of the USSR

SHOOTING THE RUSSIAN WAR, *by Margaret Bourke-White. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.*

Ask any historian how much he would give for Herodotus to have had a Speed Graphic with him on his travels. It is our good fortune that Margaret Bourke-White, led by an instinct for being in the right place at the right time, set out for the Soviet Union in the spring of '41, with five cameras and 3,000 peanut flash bulbs. These tools of a trade which she masters so thoroughly, she put to good use, and now gives us a book of plastic words and telling pictures which add up to a splendid portrait of our great ally.

Miss Bourke-White claims descent from Irish deep-sea sailors and exhibits many of the characteristics associated with that hardy breed—energy, courage, an infectious humor, love of people. These qualities were put to a severe test in the task of recording one of the mightiest events in history—the great socialist state girding itself for war in defense not only of its own freedom and the continuation of that "more joyous life" which it had gone so far in developing, but in defense of democracy and progress everywhere in the world.

Much, perhaps too much, of the text is devoted to a record of personal experiences, of friendships formed, of difficulties encountered and overcome in obtaining the necessary passes and permits, of little daily occurrences. But this subjective side of the account is a help in getting the feel of the country and in identifying with a traveler there. Miss Bourke-White and her husband, Erskine Caldwell, whose stories have long been known and valued in the Soviet Union, were received everywhere with glowing hospitality. Considering that the nation was at war, they enjoyed amazing freedom to travel and record. Pervading the book is a sense of the great esteem in which the people of the United States are held by Soviet citizens—President Roosevelt, in particular, is admired.

For the first month after her arrival in the USSR Miss Bourke-White stayed in Moscow—a very different Moscow in some ways from the one she had visited ten years before. Streets had been widened, there were new shops, more food, more luxuries. The House of Fashion Models was eager for style suggestions from America which might be improved upon to suit the needs of Soviet women. Miss Bourke-White and her husband, however, wanted to see what life was like in other parts of the Soviet Union. With the help of the Writers Union and VOKS (the All-Union Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries), which "felt it was all to the good to permit us to do a thorough reporting job of their country," they received permission to travel. They went through the wheat fields of the Ukraine, factories in Kharkov, the Caucasus, the Donbas Coal Region, and the Black Sea. There are pictures and descriptions of life on a collective farm near Rostov and in a Rest Home for Locomotive Workers at Sochi.

Then came June 22, which "brought an event of such magnitude that the whole course of our work was changed." The author tells us how the news of the Nazi invasion was received in collective farms, in factories, in hotels, on the streets. People everywhere pledged "their support, their work, their lives," to the victory of their country. They were elated by Churchill's statement that Great Britain would stand with the Soviet Union and by the cables of friendship from various organizations in America. This solidarity, this friendship strengthened confidence in their ability to "drown the fascist headhunters in their own blood."

Back in Moscow, the author found women standing by the side of men in factories, learning the work so their husbands and sons could go to the front. The women wanted to go to the front too; they took night courses in first aid and begged to be sent for front duty as "medical sisters." Those who worked in the factories expressed the military importance of production by referring to their tools and operations in phrases like "spearhead attack" and "bayonet advance." Civilian defense, too, was organized with wonderful speed and thoroughness, and "Medical training centers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had sprouted up at every street intersection, like the corner drug store." Moscow was cleverly camouflaged in anticipation of air raids. The raids came, and were brilliantly recorded by Miss Bourke-White from the balcony of her hotel room which faced the Kremlin.

When she heard that the priests were praying for victory Miss Bourke-White decided the time had come to go to church. This decision led to many beautiful photographs and the discovery that the "freedom of religious worship" guaranteed by the Soviet Constitution was real and unfettered. She interviewed German prisoners both in Moscow and at the front; the German infantry captives "had impressed me by their resemblance to animals . . . gave me the feeling that the Nazis were throwing into battle every man capable of supporting the weight of a gun. They were immature, half-baked boys, with no ideas of their own, with no enthusiasm for anything. The fervid Fuehrer worship that we hear about may exist, but it was something I never saw." In the Red Army men she found a notable contrast. The last half of the book contains an account of her visit to the front with a group of foreign correspondents and the trip home through the White Sea in a convoy. There is rather more personal adventure than information here, although the prose and camera pictures of some of the fighters—particularly Tanya, the nurse by day and scout by night—are memorable. In the latter half of the book, also, is the account, with pictures, of the photographing of Stalin in a meeting with Harry Hopkins, which first appeared in *Life* magazine.

The photographs in *Shooting the Russian War* are technically excellent—well focused, clear, and balanced, with the strong contrasts of darks and lights we have learned to expect from this artist. We would have welcomed more pictures of both civilians and soldiers in everyday action—many of the pictures have an air of being too carefully posed or calculated.

The text would have been improved if Miss Bourke-White had given us more insight into the organization—political, economic, and social—behind the phenomena she observed. At times her reporting tends to superficiality; and with the same lack of complete understanding she slips into speaking of Stalin as a "dictator." But here is a lively, readable, look-at-able book aimed at a wide audience and answering our demand to know as much as possible of this people on whose courage and stamina and morale the fate of the world depends.

EDMUND WEIL.

Obsolete Science

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD: The Problems of Anti-Semitism, *by Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Brett in cooperation with others. Macmillan. $4.*

ESSAYS ON ANTI-SEMITISM, *edited by Koppel S. Pinson. Conference on Jewish Relations.*

"JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD" purports to study the relations of Jew and non-Jew and represents itself as "the first attempt to utilize the findings of the various social sciences" on anti-Semitism. One would therefore assume that these scientists would utilize the findings on anti-Semitism to be derived from the laboratory of the Soviet Union, where the social disease they are studying has been virtually wiped out. In this book of 432 pages, the editors judged the position of the Jews in the Soviet Union of such secondary importance to the problem that they decided to omit "because of limitations of space" a section on Soviet Jews in one of the essays and substituted a one-page resume (p. 359-60). Strange "science" that refuses even to take account of a solution to anti-Semitism that resembles in thoroughness a specific in medicine. From a land of pogroms Russia was transformed within less than a quarter of a century to a country where anti-Semitism has been obliterated.

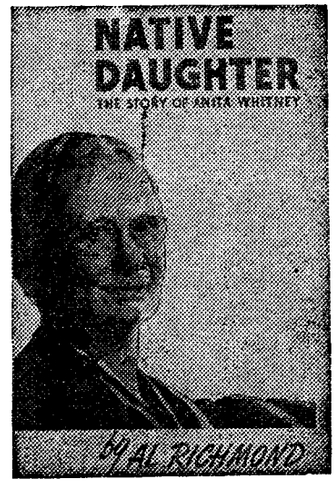
The book includes many fallacies about anti-Semitism. For instance, the theory that anti-Semitism is caused by an inevitably hostile feeling for members of an alien group. Thus J. F. Brown has it that "the fact of social hostility is largely psychobiologically conditioned." Or there is J. O. Hertzler's formulation: "Group antagonisms seem to be inevitable when two peoples in contact with each other may be distinguished by differentiating characteristics." It is obviously true that, in the past, hostility against minority groups has prevailed. What is false is the view that such hostility is inevitable or has occurred in every case. For the truth is that there is nothing either "instinctive" or inevitable about hostile feelings of one group toward another, since this feeling has in fact been friendly or hostile as conditioned by social and economic relations. A rudimentary knowledge of the Soviet experience with minority peoples shows that differing cultures can co-exist on the friendliest terms. Hence Jewish cultural manifestations are encouraged and occur within the non-Jewish Soviet community without that irritation, friction and prejudice which has characterized so much of past history.

Then there is the common fallacy that the only solution for anti-Semitism is assimilation. J. F. Brown ends his essay with the view that "no immediate and specific therapy for the problem of anti-Semitism is at hand. . . . The only way this latent anti-Semitism can be overcome is by immediate cultural and final racial assimilation." J. O. Hertzler imparts the wisdom that, "to cease to be a cultural irritant the Jew must be completely assimilated." Again the Soviet experience, from which we learn that a people enjoys full equality whether or not it assimilates, is ignored.

The foregoing are but a few examples of the scientific obsolescence of great parts of this book. It must be mentioned, also, that there is actually some anti-Semitic writing in this book, particularly the essay by an anonymous writer which reminds one of the recent scurrilous article by Milton Mayer in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

THE second volume under review, *Essays in Anti-Semitism,* is much shorter than the first

THE TOP BIOGRAPHY OF THE YEAR!



• ". . . a masterly recounting of the life and times of a real American patriot, and an accurate account of the birth and growth of the Communist Party of California. Everyone should read it . . . a guide to true Americanism. . . ."
Warren K. Billings.

• ". . . the story is well told and well worth the telling . . . a rarely well-balanced piece of work about an extraordinary woman. . . ."
Robert Whitaker.

• "Along with 'Mother' Ella Reeve Bloor's WE ARE MANY, William Z. Foster's PAGES FROM A WORKER'S LIFE, and BILL HAYWOOD'S BOOK, Al Richmond's work, NATIVE DAUGHTER, takes its place as a valuable and moving story of the development of the American struggle for a better life for its people, and the story of how that movement brings forth its own great leaders."
Harrison George.

• ". . . a biography to set the pattern for others to come. . . ."
Mike Quin.

200 Pages — Bound in Sturdy Cloth
Beautifully Illustrated — $1 per Copy

ON SALE AT
WORKERS BOOKSHOP
50 EAST 13th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

And All Progressive Bookshops
In ordering via mail, address
ANITA WHITNEY
75th ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE
170 Golden Gate Avenue San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Vacation Idea :: Summer School for Democracy at Fishkill, N. Y.

an 1100 acre estate in the Berkshire foothills.

All the Sports — All the Fun — All the Entertainment PLUS Classes with:

Week of August 23d: Morris U. Schappes "Press, Propaganda, and the War" Guest Lecturer: William Gropper

Week of August 30th (through Labor Day): Dr. Philip Foner "Landmarks in the History of American Labor"; Gwendolyn Bennett—"Painting and Sketching for Amateurs with Lectures on Art" Guest Lecturer: Henrietta Buckmaster

EQUALS

a vacation you'll remember all year

RESERVATION: $30 Per Week for Accommodations and Tuition

FOR INFORMATION: School for Democracy 13 Astor Place GR. 7-4086

SWIMMING · TENNIS · BICYCLING · HORSEBACK · SOCIAL STAFF

31 WAYS TO HAVE FUN

For a vacation of action or relaxation Chester's offers an unbeatable value. Big parade of all-star attractions including fast clay courts, private lake and large, filtered swimming pool, badminton courts, handball, bicycling, 25 other outdoor and indoor sports. Gala evenings, featuring a brilliant theatre group. Table treats in three magnificent performances a day. Unusually reasonable rates.

Write, wire or phone your reservations

N. Y. OFFICE: TEL. LO-5-5857

WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

CHESTERS ZUNBARG

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

arrowhead lodge

Announces a progressive dynamic summer program

FONER BROS.—Victory Swing Orchestra. Interpretative and Square Dancing.

DR. PHIL FONER—Lectures, interpretation, "News of the week," discussions.

SAMI LEVINSON—Director, humorist, also Arts and crafts, tennis, golf, swimming, bicycling and archery.

Scheduled as guest artists—

ALMANAC SINGERS — JOSH WHITE — DELL — and others.

Make early reservations — Rates reasonable.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y. Tel. 502

In the Berkshires

CAMP COLEBROOK

Colebrook River, Conn.

formerly an exclusive Country Club

- Private lake surrounded by 300 acres of pines and hemlocks.
- Artistic bungalows facing lake.
- Tennis, handball, ping-pong.
- Croquet green, archery.
- Social activities — music — dancing.

ALgonquin 4-0063 or Winsted 237-4

AUGUST RATES $30—$35

LOCUST GROVE FARM

SYLVAN LAKE, HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.

A "smallish" informal place overlooking miles of scenic hills in lower Dutchess County.

All sports—Barn Dances—Nearby lake—Open all year—Just 55 miles from New York.

LIMITED ACCOMMODATIONS — LOW RATES

GEORGE A. PODORSON, Locust Grove Farm

City Phone: SH 3-4716—Hopewell Junction, Phone 42 F 31

and is divided nearly equally between historical and analytical studies of anti-Semitism. The historical essays, though very brief and sketchy, contain illuminating data on the social and economic origins of anti-Semitism; and the essay on Polish anti-Semitism by Raphael Mahler, a Polish refugee, seems particularly adequate in this respect. But the second half on the analysis of anti-Semitism is to some extent subject to similar strictures as the first book under review. The *Essays* conclude on the pessimistic note: "Let us submit to our fate with reserve and dignity."

For the most part these two books belie the hope for equality for the Jewish people that is one of the objectives of our war against Hitlerism. We do not come from them with an adequate theoretical weapon to fight anti-Semitism.

LIONEL FERRIS.

Rich Land, Poor Land

OLD MCDONALD HAD A FARM, by Angus McDonald. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

WHERE I work there are signs planted at crossroads like huge blackboards to teach the farmers the value of soil conservation. In spite of all efforts of the government, men like my boss will allow their best land to be washed down to hardpan because of prejudice against "outside" interference and fear of "experiments."

In *Old McDonald Had a Farm* you have the story of how a good farmer exploded these fears and prejudices and went on to become an outstanding success on a rocky farm in Oklahoma. The country is the country of Steinbeck's Okies. The story of the McDonalds in certain ways is the reverse of that of the Joads; telling of an unusual successful farmer, it proves to the handle-end the thesis of the novel.

James McDonald was born in a log cabin in 1850. At the age of sixteen he could split 320 rails in a day. At the age of eighteen, while out plowing, he received the call to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. He left home, got a college education. Graduating at twenty-nine with the highest honors, he pursued his calling, living in towns and cities.

McDonald was not a whole man, however, living away from the soil. For forty years he kept alive his interest in farming, and at sixty-one, when most men are on the downhill, this remarkable Scotchman bought himself a farm and set out to put into practice soil conservation methods which made him the talk of his county.

Long before he had begun farming, McDonald had preached soil conservation, and he availed himself fully of the opportunity to put his sermons into practice. The land which he bought was worn out, washed out, dust-blown, gullied. He built dams, sowed Bermuda grass to keep the soil from blowing, practiced contour farming. A firm believer in diversified farming, he would have none of cotton, which to him was the Biblical horse-

CAMP UNITY WINGDALE 2461

It's the Extras at CAMP UNITY!

Sports, timely entertainment, healthy food. . . . Sure, Unity has them all . . . and 79 other activities for summer fun!

But Unity offers extras too . . . pleasures, not on the program.

Mountain views and the smell of new mown hay . . .
Restful cabins with modern facilities . . .
Friendly companions, your sort for sport or talk . . .
Cool winds, a country moon and many, many more.

MAKE YOUR **RESERVATIONS** NOW FOR *August & Sept. Vacations*

Rates $24-$25 wk.; $4.50 day

CAMP UNITY

WINGDALE, N. Y. Office 1 Union Sq. N.Y.C. · AL - 4 - 8024

Camp Lakeland

Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

On the Beautiful Sylvan Lake

("Sports Lovers' Paradise"—Lester Rodney)

Excellent Accommodations
Top-Notch Entertainment

CITY OFFICE:
1 Union Square Phone: GR. 7-8659

Camp cars leave daily from 2700 Bronx Park East — OL 5-6900

TAXI and BUS SERVICE

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW

STAY AND PLAY AT:

MAUD'S SUMMER-RAY

North Branch, Sull. Co., N. Y.
Tel. Callicoon 95

Private Lake, All Sports, Dancing, Dramatics, Marionettes, Musicales, Rumba Bar. Broadway Theatre Artists

SENSIBLE RATES

Erie R. R. to Callicoon Daily—Buses Direct — Mountain Transit Line Greyhound Terminal — 50th St. & 8th Ave. Private cars daily from your house direct to Maud's. Call city office. CO 5-3000 City Information: DIckens 2-5786

MAMANASCO LAKE LODGE

RIDGEFIELD, CONN. PHONE: 820

Welcome Glorious Summer at a luxurious country estate converted into a vacation paradise. Magnificent lake—all water sports, golf, tennis, riding. Dancing, recordings, fine library. 50 miles from New York.

OPEN ALL YEAR.

TANGLEWOOD

WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK

For a vacation or weekend that's somewhat different —amidst unspoiled country—wholesome and delicious food—swimming in a dammed up brook—good time—come to *Tanglewood*.

MARTHA BERLIN Tel. Woodstock 14 F 13

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leech, crying, "Give, give," making the land barren, sucking the very life out of the farmer. In short, McDonald used successfully new methods of farming, which if applied on a grand scale under proper government control can go far toward ringing down the curtain on one of the great tragedies of the land.

At the end of a decade of unremitting toil, McDonald made a go of it. Not only had he reclaimed his home farm, but he was operating several other farms. In the meantime he had worked himself to the bone, driven his wife and children, been a severe taskmaster to his hired hands. This vigorous, ingenious man, who had started farming with progressive ideas about society as well as farming, found himself on the side of the commercial interests he had so often condemned. The Christian in McDonald said one thing, the successful farmer did the opposite, and while he fought successfully the erosion of his land, he allowed a moral erosion in himself.

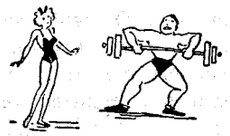
Reviewers have been quick to point out that this book shows how one-sided is the picture of the struggling farmer in *The Grapes of Wrath.* Behold a successful Okie! It is true that McDonald succeeded, but only because he was an unusual man with additional income as a preacher, able to put into practice methods beyond the reach of other, poorer men. And then in this very book there are ten hard-pressed farmers to the one successful Brother Mac, as he was known. Besides, though the Joads lost their land, they did not lose their dignity, the respect of their fellows, their integrity. McDonald in his herculean labors did violence to his own soul. Thus, those so anxious to hide the truth of conditions in the South haven't got a leg to stand on.

In the camp of the soil conservationist are those who assert that dry farming, Bermuda grass, etc., will solve the farmer's chief difficulties, show him the way out, open the pearly gates to him. With all the sincere attempts of the Roosevelt administration—and this book is written by McDonald's son, an ardent New Dealer—the problem of the Okies has not been solved by a long shot, and erosion has not been stopped. Progressives in such quarters will admit that only coordinated attack on these problems in which the mass of farmers will cooperate will prove successful.

The market is glutted with books about American farmers. *Old McDonald Had a Farm* is not the ordinary farm book. It does several things remarkably well. It preaches eloquently soil conservation, gives us pictures of conditions among Oklahoma farmers which hold true for all sections of our country and help us understand our hard-working farm people, and it shows us tenderly and gently what it is that has kneaded many a farmer into a hard, sour lump. Written in a style simple and clear and vigorous as running water, it pictures for us colorful people, Uncle Josh, Will Trimble, Mrs. McDonald, and above all, the shrewd, crabbed, mighty James

First American Showing—Saturday, Aug. 15th!
The Most Important Motion Picture in Your Life:
"MOSCOW STRIKES BACK"
Russian Heroism vs Nazi Barbarism!
Made by 100 Cameramen defying Nazi Bullets! Real Guns! Real Soldiers! Real War!
Narrated by EDWARD G. ROBINSON
GLOBE THEATRE Broadway near 46th St., N. Y.
(Air-conditioned)

RUSSIAN SKAZKA
★ Superlative Russian and American Cuisine
★ Soviet-American Recordings
DINNER, 75c
Late Snacks 25c Beer & Wine
IRT to Christopher St.
Ind. Subway to W. 4th St.



MEN — WOMEN
(separate days)
(Reduce or Gain)
SUMMER RATES NOW
(reductions up to 20%)
INDIVIDUAL EXERCISE — SWEDISH MASSAGE — POSTURE CORRECTION — VAPOR BATHS — BICYCLES — WALKING MACHINES — HANDBALL — PADDLE TENNIS — BODY BUILDING — ROOF GYM — ETC.
SUN DECK.
Modest Fees
GOODWIN'S GYMNASIUM
1457 Broadway at 42nd St.
WIsconsin 7-8250

• Come to gorgeous Plum Point, *only 55 miles from New York,* with its 70 restful, green acres touching the Hudson. Recreational activities to exercise and relax your muscles. Dancing and entertainment. Heaping courses of appetizing foods. Splendid rooms with sleep-inviting beds.
Non-Sectarian
PLUM POINT
ATTRACTIVE RATES New Windsor, N.Y.
FREE BOOKLET Newburgh 4270

SHADYBROOK
MAHOPAC, N. Y. Tel. Mahopac 965
50 miles from N. Y.; 140 acres rustic country, secluded, healthful. Excellent American cuisine. Wood burning fire place, sports. Families accommodated.
AUGUST RATES—$27.50 PER WEEK.
Write for booklet M MRS. G. POPPER

ONE HOUR FROM NEW YORK
CENTRAL VALLEY N. Y.
Birdland
Formerly Lewisohn's Estate OPEN ALL YEAR
225-acre estate. Tennis, Golf, Swimming, Bicycles, Handball, Ping-pong, Games, recordings, library, dancing. Exceptional company. Excellent cuisine. Every comfort. Incomparable surroundings. Tel.: Highland Mills 7895.
Your Hostess: Fannie Goldberg

* * * ½ * — *Daily News*
7TH SMASH WEEK
Artkino Presents
"THIS IS THE ENEMY"
(Episodes in the People's War Against Hitler)
Produced by Lenfilm Studios, Leningrad, U.S.S.R.
Special Added Attraction:
"YELLOW CAESAR"
(A Travesty on Mussolini)
Plus: * * Latest Official U.S.S.R. War News * *
STANLEY THEATRE
AIR COOLED
Seventh Ave. bet. 41 & 42 Sts.—WIs. 7-9686
25c to 1 P.M., except Sat., Sun. & Holidays
Late Show Sat. Night

"√ √ — Tops, Don't Miss It." — PM
"GUERRILLA BRIGADE"
also: "Yellow Cruise"
Cont. from 10:30 A.M. till midnight.
20c to 2 P.M.—Weekdays
IRVING PLACE THEATRE
IRVING PLACE AT 14TH ST.
Benefit Block Tickets at Reduced Prices—GR-5-9879

BILL LEVNER
Private, U. S. A.
wants to see you at the
Second Front "Send-Off"
tendered him by the
Federal Works Employees Union
Saturday August 15 9 P. M.
13 Astor Place
Give that Second Front Gun a Bang
And Chew the Rag with the old Project Gang

SWIMMING · TENNIS · BADMINTON · HANDBALL · BOATING · ARCHERY · SERATE GUNNING · SIDNEY BECHET'S BAND · SPARKLING RECORDINGS · BASEBALL · RIDING · FISHING
Merry Mountains of Pleasure . . .
Cool, refreshing swims after fast, furious games . . . then hearty food and relaxing concerts . . . And your Allaben holiday icing, merry entertainment and Bechet's inspired dance music...
LABOR DAY WEEKEND
3 gloriously full days $19.50
✓ FAREWELL FUN-WEEK ✓
with our full staff . . . sports, shows, music . . . Sept. 8 to 15.
Come by boat, train or bus!
N. Y. Off. - 33 W. 42 ST., PE 6-3063
the informal adult camp...
ALLABEN ACRES ALLABEN TEL PHOENICIA 75 N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREEN MANSIONS welcomes you to its theatre, lounge, cocktail bar, sundecks, Log Cabin Clubhouse, each room with private bath. Private golf course, lake, 13 championship tennis courts, all on premises.

LENA BARISH: SAM GARLEN
Directors
N. Y. C. office: 11 W. 42nd St.
Telephone: BRyant 9-1738
Write for Booklet

Green Mansions
In the Adirondacks - WARRENSBURG, N. Y.

HILLTOP Lodge
ON BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN LAKE
R. R. Station: Pawling, N. Y.
Tel.: Hopewell Junction 2761
Only 65 Miles from N. Y. C.
EVERY CONCEIVABLE SPORT & RECREATION
Golf FREE on Premises
Tennis • Night Tennis • Handball • Swimming • Boating • Horseback Baseball • Cycling, etc.
SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC STAFFS
Our Food is Tops!
FOR THE UTMOST IN VACATION VALUE CHOOSE HILLTOP
Under Direction of—
PAUL WOLFSON & SOL ROTHAUSER
N. Y. Office: 170 Broadway
Tel.: COrtlandt 7-3958
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N.Y.

ARCADIA
FISHKILL, N. Y. Phone: Beacon 727
Spend a glorious vacation in 1100 acres of woods, trails and scenic wonders. Wood-burning fireplaces. Unexcelled cuisine. Indoor and outdoor sports.
Special Rates for Groups
Make Reservations Now R. R. Station: Beacon, N. Y.

MERRIEWOODE
A CAMP FOR ADULTS STODDARD, N. H.
FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long, with good fishing and free use of boats and canoes. Interesting hiking objectives through woodland trails. Fine tennis and handball courts, badminton, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, ping-pong, etc. Intelligent, gay companionship. $28 & $32 weekly. Non-Sectarian. OLIVE H. G. BARON, Dir.

SACKS FARM Saugerties, N. Y. Tel. 590-J
Unusually beautiful countryside; pine woods, restful; all conveniences, finest Am.-Jewish cooking. Sports, horseback riding.
LOW RATES - - BOOKLET

McDonald, Brother Mac, preacher and soil conservationist, as truly American as the earth into which he sank so much of himself.

This is a good book. It begins well. It has body. It ends with a couple of ironical sentences which sum up the man's life in a remarkable way. James McDonald worked himself to death on his farm and was buried in a steel box to keep the water out. The author reporting the funeral says: "The minister told what a good man he was and how many souls he had saved. He didn't mention the soil he had saved." BEN FIELD.

Merry Was a Lady

DRIVIN' WOMAN, *by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. Macmillan. $2.75.*

CONSIDERING the number of southern ladies of superb executive ability who keep popping up in novels, it's a wonder that the movement for women's rights never did any better south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The latest example is Miss America Collier Moncure, who was eighteen years old in Charlotte County, Va., when Marse Robert surrendered. (If you think it's annoying to be confronted by a heroine named America, cheer up: her sisters were called Palestine, Arabia, and Andorra.)

For all she was always at heart a lady, Miss Merry was a drivin' woman, and she certainly got a lot of things done. For one thing, she ran the old plantation while her brothers were off fighting, and that was just the beginning. She killed a "damyankee" who tried to rape poor Palestine, and so had to flee to Kentucky (this in a period when no lady traveled alone), where she married a handsome and useless cousin, gave birth to his children on the kitchen floor, grew tobacco with her own white hands, endured the censure of the community because her husband was supposed to be dead and she kept having children (he was only hiding, really, on account of there was a murder charge against him), peddled her own tobacco on the Cincinnati breaks (not ladylike, either), and dashed up to New York to straighten out the household of sister Palestine and Tugger Blake, a piece of No'th Ca'lina "white trash" who was in with Dan Lord (Duke-Lord; Lord-Duke?) in organizing the tobacco trust. And that ain't all. She also married again in her fifties and in her sixties organized the Equity Association, an organization of Kentucky tobacco-growers that finally broke the power of the tobacco trust by just plain not selling to Duke's buyers and by getting pretty touchy with scabbing growers who did. Quite a gal, Miss Merry.

I doubt that I need point out that this little fable is dished up with the usual collection of moonlight-and-magnolia concepts. The portrayal of Negro characters is stereotyped and false. There is the notion that robber barons like James Duke and the hypothetical Tugger Blake formed the tobacco monopoly that starved and throttled the growers only because they were Tarheels and no gentlemen, suh. *Damyankee* is always one word. The most sturdily propounded theme is that the only really nice way to live is on a refined farm, and that everything connected with industry (this includes the "cramped" lives of the workers as well as the expensive vulgarities of the Blakes, Dukes, and Lorillards) is definitely regrettable, if not plain nasty. Even in the account of the Equity struggle, the implication is that nobody would have done anything really unpleasant to the scabs if a lot of po' whites hadn't got into the movement. The Moncures would have done it all by speaking to them severely. SALLY ALFORD.

Brief Review

REBIRTH IN LIBERTY, *by Eva Lips. Flamingo Publishing Co.*

The author of *Savage Symphony* here recounts her experiences from the day of her arrival in this country as an "exalted greenhorn" to the day of her "patriotic wedding" seven years later when she became an American citizen. Primed with her husband's advice to be unbiased, open her heart first, then her mind, she regards each experience with the fresh curiosity of a child, thrilled by letters that have not been opened and by people that have not come to spy. Her visit to Canada, from which she was free to return, and her welcome at its borders, restored for her the human dignity which she had seen so devastatingly trampled upon in Europe.

There are interesting incidents told with warmth and humor of her adjustments to people, the language, and customs; but despite the book's positive qualities, it is a disappointing sequel to *Savage Symphony*. Its defects stem mainly from the limitations of the writer's sympathies. Although she and her husband saw the betrayal of the Spanish republic by British and French appeasers, she shows no awareness of the sacrifices being made for the democracy she was destined to enjoy here in America. Always, one senses her isolation from anti-fascist struggles. While lecturing before women's clubs, she visited many factories, "monuments of American spirit of enterprise," but alas, she was so dazzled by the products, textiles growing on magic looms, that she somehow failed to see the human hands that made these things possible.

The book ends on a passionate appeal to guard and cherish liberty before it is too late. But her failure to link liberty up with battle dooms her concept to an abstraction. Only once are the enemies of liberty identified by name: Quisling, Laval, and Coughlin. This is hardly enough. Perhaps it is a fear of giving offense that motivates her restraint, her timidity. She argues in defense that her experiences with Hitlerism had burdened her with a task not "against Nazism" but *for America*. But only by fighting against Nazism *can* one be for America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS IS YOUR ALLY

"Moscow Strikes Back," a mighty documentary from the Soviet Union, shows what a people can do against panzers, torture, murder, pillage. Reviewed by Alvah Bessie.... The Negro in the American theater.

IN THE Soviet Union *Moscow Strikes Back*—which is undoubtedly one of the greatest documentaries ever produced—was called *The Rout of the German Armies at Moscow.* It is precisely that, inasmuch as it describes, in terms of the camera, the great winter counter-offensive of the Red Army, which was acclaimed by General MacArthur as "the greatest military achievement in all history." The film is worthy of its subject matter.

Filmed by fifteen of the USSR's ace cameramen, it is unsparing in its realistic portrayal of the total war on the Eastern Front. It is considerably more than a clipped and edited series of guns firing, planes diving, soldiers advancing, tanks rolling, and men and women fortification workers. The entire film sings with the spirit of our great Soviet ally; the material has received an honesty and intelligence of treatment that is both stunning in its dramatic values and unparalleled in its power to educate. For the documentary film can be a great art form, and in *Moscow Strikes Back,* it is a great art form.

THE scene opens in August 1939, at a great festival in honor of the youth of the Soviet Union. Here are the symbols of the new socialist society—Red Square, Stalin, the Tomb of Lenin, and—the people; multitudes of them in athletic costume, in native attire. The commentator, Edward G. Robinson, speaks the simple lines that have been written by Elliot Paul and Albert Maltz:

"From seventeen republics, covering one-sixth of the earth, speaking over a hundred varied languages—come athletes, folk dancers, musicians . . . farmers . . . teachers . . . students . . . young scientists . . . factory workers . . . and little Mischa and his gang."

The shrewd and human eye of the Soviet camera picks up little Mischa, aged six at the most, marching in shorts in front of his contingent. He is a stocky little fellow, striding along with the determination of a man three times his age. He does not turn his clipped head; he pays no attention to the camera. In this one shot the film sets the tone for the balance of the narrative. This is what the people of the Soviet Union are fighting for; the splendid youth of their vast land, for its future, for its culture, and its creative arts.

The festival continues . . . marchers, acrobats, Mongolian and Uzbek dancing, floats and flags in the sun. There is something about these parades, no matter how often you may see them, that tells you more about the Soviet Union than a multitude of learned documents. For you can see the bodies and the faces of the people.

"This was Moscow at peace," says the voice. "This is the way of life our Russian allies are fighting to preserve."

TITLE: *November 1940. Moscow Parades Her Armed Might.*

The transition is made; from the blaring of festival music, the warm movement of happy human bodies, to absolute silence from the screen, and the vast panoramic shot of that same Red Square, with the Red Army drawn up by divisions in silent, motionless ranks. The breath of the men and the horses steams. It is late fall.

"Fascism," says the voice, "which had enslaved the German people, now threatens to enslave the world."

Marshal Timoshenko rides into the Square on his horse. He addresses his men: "Men of the Red Army: the independence of our country is in your hands. The safety of our people, of our homes, our factories, our great farms, and dams—these are in your hands. If you are called upon to use your weapons—use them *well.* Always remember what you are defending."

The balance of the film demonstrates in actual battle scenes taken in the front lines by cameramen who are also soldiers, how well the Red Army remembered, how well it has used its arms. You see these men march to war; the streets of the capital barricaded; the early air raid alarms; the anti-aircraft firing; the armed civilians marching to the front in work clothes, wearing caps, carrying their famous rifles.

The Nazi bombers make an attempt on the city; the pattern of AA fire, of the great searchlights; the Soviet pursuits go out to meet the bombers. The women soldiers—transport pilots, nurses, auxiliaries—march smartly out in their uniforms to take their place beside their men. From this point on the spectator is a member of the Red Army; in the trenches before the city; with the artillery batteries, the man on skis, camouflaged in white, in the cockpit of the bombers blasting Nazi communication lines, behind the enemy lines with the guerrillas, in the factories turning the shells on the lathes.

The film runs eighty minutes and to watch it is almost as exhausting as frontline combat; for the cameramen and editors of this film have made you participants, not spectators. Just as they have not hesitated to take you into the advancing lines of soldiers who are retaking Venev and Rogachev, Mikhailov, Klin, and Mozhaisk, they have not hesitated to show you your allies shot down as they advance. A soldier falls to the shriek of shrapnel; he falls to the unheard whine of the machine gun bullet; you see him fall and you fall with him.

But this is not enough. It is not enough to show you the burned-out towns, the wrecked homes of the people; the vast scrap pile of the enemy's materiel. They show you,

Girl guerrillas reenter their native town after the Nazis have been driven out.
From "Moscow Strikes Back"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXTRA SWING HIGH

To Summer Joy at Beacon on the Hudson

A beautiful lake, a natural swimmin' pool, all sports, hearty entertainment, and good food.

TENNIZ
SWIMMIN
BOATIN
HIKES
MUZIC
PLAY ACTIN
HANDBALL

WEEKLY REVUES
CONCERTS
CARNIVALS
TOURNAMENTS
CAMPFIRES
FOLK DANCING
GAMES
MOVIES

FEATURING
Mura Dehn
Ballet Star
Richard Newman
Musician & Composer
Sally Walter & her Beacon Buddies
and
Weekly Surprises

MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW!
Only 50 Miles from New York
by boat, train, or camp car!

RATES: $21 — $22 week
$4 day

TRANSPORTATION:
Hudson Day Line, N. Y.
Central & Camp Car Daily
from N. Y. Office

CAMP BEACON
Beacon, N.Y.
OFFICE: 2700 BRONX PK. E. - N.Y. - OLIN 5-6900

CAMP AMAWALK

This Adult Camp . . .
in safe little sheltered cove near picturesque Gloucester. Salt water swimming, sailing, boating and fishing on premises. Dancing, tennis, trips and all sports. Six hours by train from New York.
Write for booklet and rates

Gloucester, Mass.
ABRAM RESNICK
Director

Twin Pines on Trout Lake

An ADIRONDACK Adult Camp
Complete—Modern
4 doubles tennis courts; cement handball courts; swimming, boating, etc. Hotel comforts—camp informality.
N. Y. C. Tel. TRiangle 5-0498
TWIN PINES
SAMUEL T. SAIDEL, Director
P. O., Lake George, N. Y.

THE WOODLANDS

FOR THE SPIRITED:
Tennis — handball — swimming — ping-pong — badminton — archery — mountain trails — croquet — culinary masterpieces — fishing — boating.

FOR THE LAZYBONES:
Well-stocked library — Art classes — crafts — dark room —musical recording; — open fireplaces — spectacular country.

SIGGIE GOLDNER, PHOENICIA, NEW YORK

Camp Followers of the Trail

offers its facilities for a pleasant vacation
Tennis — Handball — Ping-Pong — Swimming — Dancing — Entertainment — Delicious Food
$19.00 per Week
Fare by N. Y. Central train, 87c. Day Line boat to Indian Point, $1.45 round trip
Buchanan, N. Y. — phone Peekskill 2879

NEW DELIGHTFUL DIFFERENT
OAKWOOD
NEW WINDSOR NEW YORK
Tel.: Newburgh 4477 Only 53 Miles from N. Y. C.
Charming Colonial Estate, Spacious grounds. Unexcelled food. Tennis, Golf, Swimming, Handball, Riding, Canoeing, Badminton. Limited Accommodations — Attractive Rates.

Consult New Masses resort columns before going on your vacation or week-end.

too, what the Nazis have *done* to the Russian people wherever their iron-shod heel has trod. Not only the hideous destruction of the Tolstoy museum in Yasnaya-Poliana; not only the vandalism practiced on the home of Tchaikowsky in Klin—the precious music scores lying in the snow, the bust of the composer smashed, the furniture burned to keep the conquerors warm; this is bad enough.

But the Soviet film-makers have had the insuperable courage to show you what the Nazis have done to the *people* of occupied Russia. This is the part of the film that is hardest to take, the part that *must* be taken, absorbed, digested by American audiences and audiences of the other United Nations. For there remains something impersonal about empty scenes of wartime desolation—scenes empty of the human figure.

The human figure appears in these scenes, which are labeled simply, "Nazi Atrocities—by Order of the High Command." Here we see the bodies of human beings, living and dead. The dead are a hideous spectacle—their faces blackened by the sub-zero frost, the limbs contorted in torment; but their sufferings are over. You know what has been done to them; you need not be told. You can see that they have been bound together and burned alive. You can see the hanged bodies swinging in the winter wind while the Red Army man addresses the surviving civilians of the town. There are close-ups of these bodies.

But the living victims are shown you, too. The eleven-year-old girl helped by a Red Army man—her clothes are in shreds; her face is streaming blood; you know what has been done to her. You need not be told what has been done to the young woman writhing in hysterical agony on the ground; you see it in her face, in the faces of the Red Army men and the women who stand around her. You know what has happened to these other dead—a pile, in an empty room, of what looks like wax dolls. But these are naked children; naked children left to freeze to death in a bare room in mid-winter on the Russian front. Like the dead mother in the farmyard whose naked infant is frozen clinging to her breast.

The dignity with which these scenes have been presented prevents the obscene revulsion with which they might have been greeted had they been presented otherwise. Here is the truth of the *Molotov Paper*, shown to you as it was seen by the men of the Red Army in their advance over the frozen steppes last winter. The camera eye moves from the frozen body of that infant clinging to its mother's breast, to the Nazi captive officer; you see the face of the official tormentor; the face of fascism. It is not pleasant to look at, but it steels the will.

We in America, seeing this film, will know better what we are fighting for. Says the voice of the commentator: "This is what a people can do. In a dark hour the will to victory found victory. The fighting unity of China, England, the United States, the Soviet Union—all the other free peoples—must—can—*will* insure final victory. On all of us rests the mission of world liberation."

ALVAH BESSIE.

★

IN ITS August issue *Theatre Arts Monthly* has performed a unique service by publishing an issue that bears the title "The Negro in the American Theater." Ably edited by Miss Edith Isaacs, the magazine presents a running historical review of the contributions of our Negro actors, singers, dancers, composers, and dramatists.

For purposes of clarification this history is construed as falling into four parts: "The Foreground, 1917-42"; "The Middle Distance, 1890-1917"; "The Background, before 1890," and "The Hope Ahead." In these four sections the reader may find a swift summary of the achievements of individuals and groups of Negro theatrical artists, from the time of the great Ira Aldridge, who played Othello to Edmund Kean's Iago, to the great Paul Robeson of our own time.

The history of the Negro on the American stage is a long and honorable one, and the current issue of *Theatre Arts* has brought forward many notable facts about that history. It is not commonly known, for example, that as early as 1821 there was an all-Negro company in New York City, whose star, James Hewlett, played Shakespeare's *Richard II* among the other roles in his repertory. But the musical achievements of the Negro people reached swifter recognition in America than their gifts as actors and dramatists, and *Theatre Arts* gives prominence to artists such as W. C. Handy, the father of the blues song, Clarence Muse and J. Rosamund Johnson, Louis Armstrong and the famous minstrels Williams and Walker.

In our own time the Negro actor, dancer, and dramatist are coming into the foreground. The magazine presents the roster of these artists, and comments briefly on outstanding performances and the fame achieved by men and women like Canada Lee, Richard Wright, Theodore Ward, Hattie McDaniel—the first Negro screen player to win the coveted Academy Award—Katherine Dunham and Bill Robinson, who are as gifted at acting as at dancing, Eddie Anderson and Edna Thomas, Rex Ingram, Georgette Harvey, Richard Harrison and Rose McClendon.

If the issue is inadequate on the score of historical background, space limitations alone can be held accountable, for the history of the Negro theater in America could fill many heavy volumes. However, the issue does err more importantly in not relating the historical background of Negro theater art to the social and economic forces operating in the various periods under discussion, and in the generally equal importance ascribed by the advisory editors for this issue (Alain Locke, Carl Van Vechten, Miguel Covarrubias, and Katherine Dunham) to such plays as *Native Son, The Green Pastures, Stevedore, Porgy and Bess,* and *Lulu Belle.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES Classified Ads

50c a line. Payable in Advance. Min. charge $1.50
Approx. 7 words to a line Deadline Fri. 4 p.m.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

Lovely, modern apartment, Knickerbocker Village. All conveniences. Call Miss Kerfoot, days, HA 2-4676; Monday or Wednesday to 10:30, CH 2-5095.

APARTMENTS—ROOMS

Share beautifully **FURNISHED** Apt., modern, free access entire apartment, Brooklyn Heights, telephone, very reasonable. Reply New Masses, Box 1796.

BOOKS FOR SALE

Eight excellent used books—$1. Your choice of fiction, travel, economics, poetry, etc. Alicat Bookshop, 139 Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

FURS

SKILLED FUR CRAFTSMAN with factory in wholesale district offers you exceptionally low rates on remodeling, repairing, cleaning, glazing and custom-made garments. **STORAGE. PLEASE ASK FOR MR. ARMAND.** 145 West 30 St., N. Y. C. Armand et Soeur, Ch. 4-1424.

INSURANCE

PAUL CROSBIE and **CARL BRODSKY** — whatever your needs — **FREQUENT SAVINGS**, 799 Broadway, **TRADE UNION AGENCY.** Tel. GRamercy 7-5978.

LAUNDRY

FOUR STAR HAND LAUNDRY—excellent work—very reasonable—also **FRENCH** Dry Cleaning. Call & deliver. 404 E. 10 St. GR 3-1869.

PIANO TUNING

PIANO TUNING, regulating, repairing and voicing. Member Nat'l Ass'n Piano Tuners, Inc. Ralph J. Appleton, 505 Fifth Avenue. Tel. MUrray Hill 2-3757.

VACATION RESORTS

EAST HILL FARM, Youngsville, N. Y. Breezy vacation spot on the mountain top. Modern. Colorful rooms, rustic dining room. Swim, tennis. And food! Mmmmm! $20 wk., $3.50 day. Tel. Jeffersonville 78F21. **BOOKLET.** Managers: Those Young City Slickers.

AVANTA FARMS, Ulster Park, N. Y. Tel. 591 M 1. Workers resting place. Wholesome food. Bathing. $16 per week, $700 per year. West Shore Train.

WANTED—TO BUY

LINGUAPHONE. ANY LANGUAGE. WRITE DESCRIPTION. ROOM 804, 18 EAST 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WANTED—FOR NEW MASSES

THE FOLLOWING ISSUES

1935—November 19; **1936**—All Issues; **1937**—February 23, March 2, 9; October 12; November 2, 16; **1938**—March 15, 22, 29; April 12; September 20; **1939**—May 2, 16; August 29; November 28; **1940**—April 2; July 23; September 3; October 22; **1941**—February 11, 18, and all copies from July 1 to December 31; **1942**—March 24.

SUBSTANTIAL COMMISSIONS FOR NM SUBS will be paid throughout the campaign for 5,000 new readers. For details communicate with Martha Strumpf, Circulation Mgr., New Masses, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

BUY

UNITED STATES

WAR BONDS

and

SAVINGS STAMPS

The opportunities for Negro artists in the theater have been so seriously limited in the past that many a player of integrity and talent has been forced to play in, and acclaim, theater works that actually degraded him. Therefore one might expect a more critical evaluation of those plays listed by the editors as having provided vehicles for Negro talent. Certain of them were serious attempts to express Negro life in our country, of which *Stevedore* and *Native Son* were the outstanding examples. Others were, I feel, no more than attempts to exploit Negro life—*Porgy* and *The Green Pastures* being chauvinistic and tending to perpetuate the myth of the happy-go-lucky, shuffling, shiftless Negro American.

But the current issue of *Theatre Arts Monthly*, despite its omission of certain factors vital to an understanding of the contributions and problems of the Negro artist in the theater, is important for the very fact of its appearance today. It is a valuable document for reference to Negro stage history, a checklist of the great performers of our past and present, and an illustrated handbook of productions and of individuals.

★

FOR pure entertainment, you will enjoy the Irving Berlin film-musical *Holiday Inn*. The score is not one of Mr. Berlin's best, but there are several catchy tunes—notably, "Be Careful It's My Heart," "White Christmas," and "Let's Start the New Year Right," that you won't be able to get out of your head for quite a time. Better still, we have Fred Astaire, who is a fine artist and worth watching any time he makes an appearance. Knowing nothing whatsoever about dancing, I venture the unfounded opinion that Mr. Astaire is the greatest dancer in the world. Certainly his timing, his personality, the ingenuity of his routines, and the precision and freedom of his movements afford an extremely high type of esthetic pleasure.

Teamed with Mr. Astaire is Mr. Bing Crosby. Now neither of these gents is any great shakes as an actor, but both have learned how to act passably well; in fact, I think you will find Mr. Crosby entirely amusing in the role of the perennially frustrated lover who, like the worm, inevitably turns on the wolfish Mr. Astaire. To make the triangle into a quadruple, we have two lively young ladies, Virginia Dale and Marjorie Reynolds, brunette and blonde. Both of them dance capably with Mr. Astaire, and to dance with Mr. Astaire and not appear to be a Mack truck is an accomplishment of no small order.

Don't bother about the plot, which only exists to provide a framework for Mr. Crosby's singing (it's called "groaning" by the initiate) and Mr. Astaire's dancing. There's an effective montage in the Fourth of July sequence; patriotic and dignified. There's also a very unfortunate little excursion into blackface caricature for Lincoln's Birthday. But by and large *Holiday Inn* is one of the brighter musical efforts. A. B.

to subscribe to

NEW MASSES

✓

just fill out and mail this form

✓

NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. CITY

Enclosed find $..... for which please send NM for one full year, 52 weeks.

(There are 2 methods of payment; we prefer the first; you may prefer the second.)

☐ One Year $5.00

☐ One Year $1.00 down payment
Bill $1 monthly for 4 months

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

8-18-42

SUB SENT IN BY

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

8-18-42

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

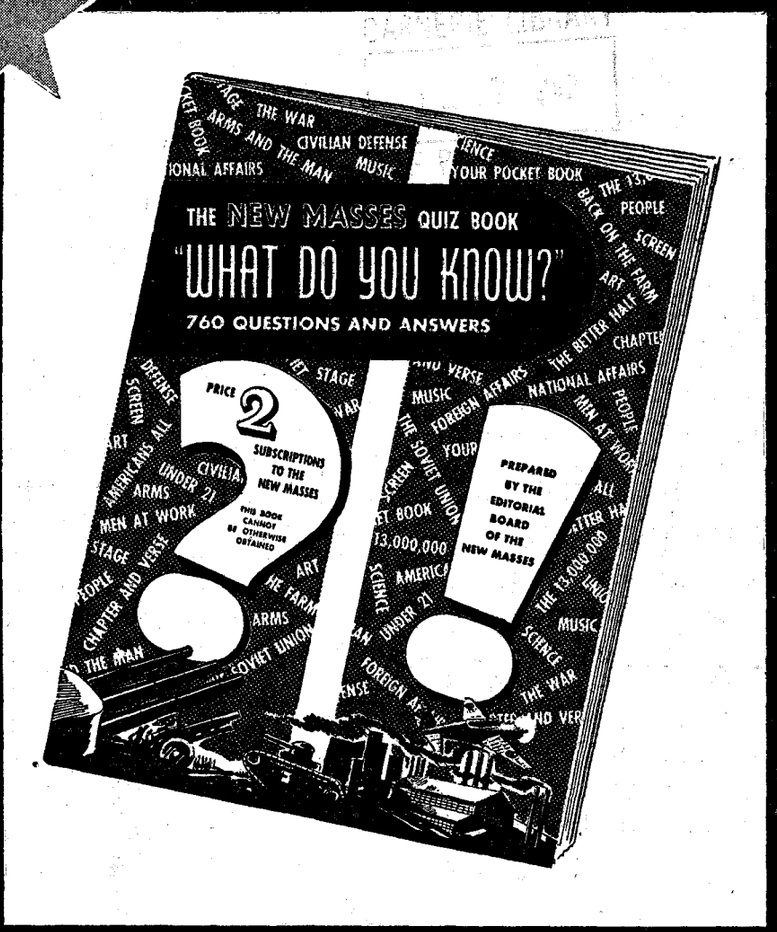
ONLY A FEW ARE LEFT

Unanimous praise from all owners

760 questions and answers

Popular as an entertaining game

Useful as a reference book


THE NEW MASSES QUIZ BOOK
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"
760 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
PRICE 2
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW MASSES
THIS BOOK CANNOT BE OTHERWISE OBTAINED
PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE NEW MASSES

Get your copy now

TWO NEW SUBS AND IT IS YOURS FREE

NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City **SUB No. 1**

Enclosed find $..... for which please send NM for one full year, 52 weeks.

(There are 2 methods of payment; we prefer the first; you may prefer the second.)

☐ One Year $5.00.

☐ One Year $1.00 down payment. Bill $1 monthly for 4 months.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

SUB SENT IN BY

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City **SUB No. 2**

Enclosed find $..... for which please send NM for one full year, 52 weeks.

(There are 2 methods of payment; we prefer the first; you may prefer the second.)

☐ One Year $5.00.

☐ One Year $1.00 down payment. Bill $1 monthly for 4 months.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

SUB SENT IN BY

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED